

The Musical World.

"THE WORTH OF ART APPEARS MOST EMINENT IN MUSIC, SINCE IT REQUIRES NO MATERIAL, NO SUBJECT-MATTER, WHOSE EFFECT MUST BE DEDUCTED: IT IS WHOLLY FORM AND POWER, AND IT RAISES AND ENNOBLES WHATEVER IT EXPRESSES."—Goethe.

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[Registered for Transmission Abroad.]

VOL. 43—No. 18.

SATURDAY, MAY 6, 1865.

PRICE 4d. Unstamped.
5d. Stamped.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Mdlle. TITIENS.

First Appearance of Mdlle. SINICO.

First Appearance of Signor MARCELLO JUNCA.
Signor EMANUELE CARRION.

FIRST NIGHT OF NORMA.

This Evening, SATURDAY, MAY 6, will be performed BALLIN's Tragic Opera
NORMA.

TUESDAY NEXT, MAY 9,

VERDI's Favourite Opera,

IL TROVATORE.

Manrico, Signor Emanuele Carrion (his first appearance in that character in England); Il Conte di Luna, Mr. Santley; Ferrando, Signor Bossi; Un Zingaro, Signor Casaboni; Ruffo, Signor Filippi; Azucena, Mdlle. Bettelheim; Inez, Mdlle. Redi; and Leonora, Mdlle. Titiens.

Conductor—Signor ARDITI.

The Opera commences at Half-past Eight o'clock.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, Exeter Hall.—Mr. COSTA'S NEW ORATORIO, "NAAMAN," will be PERFORMED, for the first time in London, as a Subscription Concert, on Friday next, May 12. Conducted by the Composer.

Principal vocalists.—Mme. Rudersdorff, Miss Edmonds, Mme. Sainton-Dolby, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Cummings, and Mr. Santley.

The band and chorus, complete in every department, the largest available in Exeter Hall, consists of nearly 700 performers.

Half-guinea numbered stalls and 5s. gallery reserved tickets, at 4, Exeter Hall.

The last Full Rehearsal, This Evening, at St. Martin's Hall, at half-past 7 for 8 o'clock precisely. The attendance of all the members of the orchestra specially requested. Subscribers to the Society admitted to the galleries on presentation of subscription tickets.

MR. BENEDICT'S ANNUAL CONCERT, June 21,
under the immediate patronage of

H.R.H. the PRINCE OF WALES and

H.R.H. the PRINCESS OF WALES.

MR. BENEDICT'S Thirtieth Annual Grand Morning Concert, at the St. James's-hall, on Wednesday, June 21st. Early application is solicited for the few remaining sofa and balcony stalls. The full programme will be published on Thursday, 1st June.

MUSICAL UNION, TUESDAY, MAY 9TH, AT HALF-PAST THREE, St. James's-hall. Quartet, B flat, 3-4—Mozart; Sonata, A minor, Op. 23, Piano and Violin (first time) Beethoven; Quartet, Andante and Scherzo, Op. 61—Mendelssohn; Grand Trio, D, Op. 70—Beethoven; Solos, Pianoforte.

Artists.—Joachim, Ries, Webb, and Piatti. Pianist, Hallé. Visitors tickets to be had Half-a-Guinea each, at CHAMBER & CO., CHAPPELL & CO., OLLIVIER & CO., ASHDOWN & PARRY, and AUSTIN at the Hall. Members can pay for visitors at the Hall J. ELLA, Director, 18, Hanover-square.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—FIRST GRAND OPERA CONCERT AND AFTERNOON PROMENADE, THIS DAY, SATURDAY.

Principal Artists.—Madlle. Carlotta Patti, Madlle. de Edelsberg, Signor Ronconi, Signor Medini, Signor Wachtel. Solo, Pianoforte, Madlle. Krebs. The Band considerably enlarged, with chorus of 150 voices. Conductor—Mr. Manns. The Concert will take place on the front of the Great Hall Orchestra. Ample accommodation for all.

Commence at Three. Great Afternoon Promenade at Half-past Four.

Admission Five Shillings, or by New Guinea Season Ticket, free.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—NEW PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.—Spohr's Grand Symphony, "Die Weihe der Töne," (The Power of Sound) will be performed by the orchestra of the New Philharmonic Concerts, under the direction of Dr. Wyde, at the Public Rehearsal, THIS DAY, Saturday, May 6, and at the Evening Concert, WEDNESDAY, May 10th. Tickets at popular prices for Public Rehearsal and Concert, viz., 1s., 2s., 3s., 5s., 7s., and 10s. 6d., at CHAMBER & CO., 201, Regent-street, and at AUSTIN's office, St. James's-hall Piccadilly, W.

Musteriotheatron.

EGYPTIAN HALL, PICCADILLY

(The Late Albert Smith's Room).

COLONEL STODARE'S NEW ENTERTAINMENT.

Great Success of the Startling Illusions, the

GREAT INDIAN BASKET FEAT and INSTANTANEOUS GROWTH OF FLOWER TREES.—These two entirely new and extraordinary illusions, as performed by Colonel STODARE nightly, create the greatest sensation and enthusiasm at his Theatre of Mystery, Egyptian Hall. Open every night at Eight, and Saturday afternoon at Three.

A. NIMMO, Acting Manager.

THURSDAY EVENING, May 11.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—Under Distinguished Patronage.

—Mr. VAN PRAAG begs to announce that his BENEFIT CONCERT will take place at the above hall, on Thursday evening next, May 11th, 1865, to commence at Eight o'clock precisely. Vocalists.—Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Madame Elvira Behrens, Miss Poole, Madlle. Enequist, Miss Pyne Galton, Miss Banks, Miss Emily Spencer, Miss Emma Jenkins, Madame Weiss, Miss Louise Van Noorden, and Madame Louise Liebhardt. Miss Palmer, Madame Emma Haywood, Miss Emily Soldeva, Miss Julia Elton, and Madame Sainton-Dolby. Mr. George Perren, Mr. W. H. Cummings, Mr. Frank Elmore, and Mr. David Miranda. Mr. Lewis Thomas, Mr. G. Patey, Mr. Renwick, Mr. Chaplin Henry, Signor Ciabatta, Mr. L. Walker, and Mr. W. H. Weiss. Instrumentalists.—Violin, Herr Ludwig Straus; Violoncello, Herr Lidell; Harmonium, Mons. Lemmens; Cornet à Pistons, Mr. Levy Pianoforte, Madlle. Mariot De Beauvoisin, Miss Kate Gordon, Mr. Sydney Smith, Herr Willem Coenen, and Mr. Charles Hallé. The celebrated guitarist, Sokolowski, will make his first appearance in England. Conductors.—Messrs. Lindsay Sloper, A. Randegger, Frank Mori, Wilhelm Ganz, Emilie Berger, Aguilar, C. J. Hargitt, and Mr. Benedict. Tickets at popular concert prices. Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s. Tickets may be obtained of the principal Music-sellers in Regent-street and Bond-street; of Mr. PATHE, at the Hanover-square Rooms; of Messrs. KEITH, PROWSE, and Co., City Agents, 48, Cheapside; of Mr. VAN PRAAG, at Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON and Co.'s, 244, Regent-street, and of Mr. AUSTIN, St. James's-hall, Piccadilly.

THURSDAY MORNING, May 11.

QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOMS, HANOVER SQUARE.—

Herr JOSEPH LARON (blind) (Pianist to His Majesty the King of Hanover) has the honor to announce that his MATINEE MUSICALE, will take place at the above rooms, on Thursday next, May 11th, 1865. On which occasion he will be assisted by the following distinguished artists:—Miss Banks, Herr Grun, (Solo Violinist to His Majesty the King of Hanover) and M. Pague (Violoncello). Conductor—Herr Ernst Pauer. To commence at Three o'clock. Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Single Ticket, 7s. Tickets to be had of the principal Music-sellers; of Herr LARON, 11, Duke-street, Portland-place; and of Mr. PATHE, at the Hanover Square Rooms.

GREAT HANDEL FESTIVAL.—FULL REHEARSAL, Friday, 23rd June.

Five Shilling Stall Tickets.

Five Shilling Admission Tickets.

Immediate application requisite. After the issue of the first few thousands, the price of the latter will be 7s. 6d. By payment on the day 10s. 6d. At the Crystal Palace and at 2, Exeter Hall.

SATURDAY, May 6.

MR. WALTER MACFARREN'S PIANOFORTE

PERFORMANCES, Hanover Square Rooms, Saturday Mornings, May 6, May 27, and June 17, at Three o'clock. First Programme, May 6th, Suite in D minor—Bach; Sonata quasi Fantasia in E flat, op. 27—Beethoven; Mazurka and Tarantello—Walter Macfarren; Sonata in D (two pianofortes, Mr. Walter Macfarren and his pupil, Mr. G. E. Hambridge)—Mozart; Sonata in A minor—Schubert; Sketch—Yalse, Mrs. Joseph Robinson; Capriccio in A minor, op. 33—Mendelssohn; Selection, Walter Macfarren. Reserved Seats for the Series, 15s; for one performance, 7s., of the principal music-sellers, and Mr. WALTER MACFARREN, 3, Osunburgh-terrace, N.W.

MR. AGUILAR begs to announce that he will give a Matinée, at his residence, 17, Westbourne-square, Friday, 19, May, 1865, to commence at Three o'clock. Vocalists.—Madame Parepa, Mrs. Francis Talford, Miss Grace Lindo, Signor Ciabatta, and Signor Gardoni. Instrumentalists.—Violin, Mons. Sainton; Violoncello, Signor Piatti; Harp, Herr Oberthür; Piano, Mr. Aguilar. Conductor—Herr Wilhelm Ganz. Tickets 15s. each, to be had of Mr. AGUILAR, 17, Westbourne-square, and at Messrs. CHAMBER, BEALE & Co.'s 201 Regent-street.

MISS AGNES ZIMMERMANN'S MORNING CON-

CERT will take place at the Hanover-square Rooms, Saturday, May 13th, at 3 o'clock. Programme includes:—Bach's sonata A major, piano and violin; Beethoven's sonata Appassionata; Mendelssohn's sonata B flat, piano and cello; Schumann's quintet; vocal and pianoforte compositions of Miss A. Zimmermann, &c. Artists:—Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Miss Adelaide Cornélli (by kind permission of the opera company), Mr. W. H. Cummings, Messrs. Deichmann, Wiener, Webb, Signor Piatti; pianoforte, Miss A. Zimmermann. Conductor—Signor Randegger. Stalls, 15s.; reserved seats, 10s. 6d.; tickets, 7s. each—at the Hanover-square Rooms, and of Miss ZIMMERMANN, No. 13, Dorchester-place, N.W.

MISS MADELINE SCHILLER begs to announce she will give a series of Pianoforte Recitals at her residence, 204, Princess Square, Hyde Park, W., on Thursday, May 25th, and Friday, June 24th. Tickets for the Series, One Guinea; Single Tickets, Half-a-guinea. To be had of Miss SCHILLER, and all the principal Music-sellers.

MISS MADELINE SCHILLER begs to announce that her First Concert will take place at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Friday Evening, the 26th MAY. Full particulars will be duly announced.

HERR LEHMEYER begs to announce that his annual Matinée for Classical Pianoforte Music, will take place at Messrs. COLLARD'S, 16, Grosvenor Street, on May 26th and June 16th, at 3 o'clock, on which occasion he will be assisted by the most eminent artists of the season. All applications, and also all engagements for lessons, to HERR LEHMEYER, 2, Percy-street, Bedford-square.

APTOMMAS' RECITALS AT THE CONSERVATOIRE DE LA HARPE (76, Harley-street, Cavendish-square) on the Evenings of Tuesday, May 9th and 23rd, and June 6th. Programmes and prospectuses of the Conservatoire (with terms of instruction, &c.) may be obtained on application, and at the Music-sellers.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—NEW PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.—MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD will play Hummel's Grand Concerto in A minor, and Mr. PAQUE will play a Violoncello Concerto, at the Public Rehearsal of the New Philharmonic Concerts, THIS DAY, Saturday, May 6th, and at the Evening Concert, Wednesday, May 10th.

NEW PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.—Madlle. TITENS and Mr. SARTLEY will sing at the Public Rehearsal of the New Philharmonic Concert, THIS DAY, Saturday, May 6th, and at the Evening Concert, Wednesday, May 10th.

GLASGOW CITY HALL SATURDAY EVENING CONCERTS.—The Secretary, Mr. Airlie, will be in town on Wednesday, 10th inst., to remain for Eight or Ten days, and may be communicated with at Shirley's Hotel, 37, Queen's-square, Bloomsbury.

MADLLE. MARIOT DE BEAUVOISIN'S PIANOFORTE RECITAL will take place at WILLIS's large room, St. James's, June 3.

MISS ELEANOR ARMSTRONG begs to announce that she will give an Evening Concert on Tuesday, May 23rd, at the Hanover Square Rooms. All communications to be addressed to her at her new residence, 60, Burlington-road, St. Stephen's-square, Bayswater.

MADLLE. MARIE WIECK, sister of Mde. Schumann, has arrived in London. Applications, respecting engagements or pupils (either for the pianoforte or singing), to be addressed to Messrs. CHAPPELL, music publishers, 50, New Bond-street, or to her residence, 22, Fulham-place, Maida-hill.

MR. WALTER MACFARREN will play his two new compositions, "Harebells" (Mazurka) and "Tarantella," at his first pianoforte performance, at the Hanover Square Rooms, Saturday Morning, May 9th.

MADLLES. EMILIE AND CONSTANCE GEORGI. All communications respecting engagements for public or private Concerts, Oratorios, &c., are requested to be addressed to the care of Mr. JARRETT, at Messrs. Duncan Davison and Co., 244 Regent-street.

MISS EMMA HEYWOOD will sing "REST THEE BABE," (Lullaby) composed expressly for her by C. J. Hargitt, at Mr. Van Praag's Concert, St. James's-hall, Thursday Evening next, May 11th.

MR. FRANK ELMORE will sing "THOU ART SO NEAR AND YET SO FAR," at Mr. VAN PRAAG'S Concert, at the Hanover Square Rooms, Thursday Evening next, May 11th.

MADLLE. LINAS MARTORELLE begs to announce, although engaged for an operatic tour in the Provinces, she can accept engagements for Public or Private Concerts.—Address to the care of Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & CO., 244, Regent-street.

MISS FLORENCE DE COURCY will sing, "THE SONG OF MAY," by W. VINCENT WALLACE, at Collard's Rooms, May 17th.

MADAME ELVIRA BEHRENS will sing "Je voudrais être" song, with harp accompaniment, composed by CHARLES OBERTHUR, at Miss Elliott's Matinée, May 16.

MADAME ALICE MANGOLD begs to announce her Removal to No. 1, Weymouth Street, Portland Place, W.

MADemoiselle LIEBHART.—All letters for Mdlle. Liebhart to be addressed to her residence, 8, Marlborough Hill, St. John's Wood.

MR. HERBERT BOND (Tenor), of the Royal English Opera, Covent Garden, can now accept engagements for Town or Country. All communications to be addressed to Mr. MARTIN CAWOOD, Secretary to the Opera Company, 7, Bow-street, Covent-garden, W.C.

MASTER WILLIE PAPE, who had the distinguished honor of a command from H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, has returned to Town. Address, 9, Soho Square.

MADLLE. EMMY POYET, Court-singer to Her Royal Highness the Duchess Sophia of Württemberg, and Elève of Signor Romani, has the honor to announce that she has arrived in London.—Letters to be addressed to the care of Messrs. SCHOTT & CO., 159, Regent-street, W.

MR. EMILE BERGER begs to announce that he has returned to Town for the Season. Communications to be addressed to care of Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & CO., Foreign Music Warehouse, 244, Regent Street.

HIERONYMUS, OR GRAND AMATI VIOLIN. A splendid specimen, of fine tone, and in excellent preservation. To ensure speedy sale will be offered a bargain. To be seen at Messrs. WITHERS and Co., 31, Coventry-street, after 25th April.

MR. W. H. CUMMINGS will sing, "THE DREAM HATH FLEED," at Mr. VAN PRAAG'S Concert, Hanover Square Rooms, Thursday Evening, May 11th.

MR. EMILE BERGER will play his popular Fantasia "Waverley," at Croydon, April 8th, and Leighton Buzzard, April 10th.

MADLLE. LINDA will sing at Richmond, on Monday, "Ah! Non CREDEA," Ardit's "L'ORFANELLA," and the duet, "Sweet Summer Morning," with Miss JULIA ELTON. Communications for engagements, &c., to be addressed to care of Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & CO., foreign music warehouse, 244, Regent-street.

TO ORGANISTS.

WANTED, for All Saints' Church, Nottingham, in June next, an Organist qualified to train the Choir, and to conduct the musical part of the services efficiently. Salary £35 a year.—Apply by letter, enclosing testimonials, to the Incumbent and Churchwardens, All Saints', Nottingham.

WANTED, a First-class Pianoforte Tuner for the Country; from Broadwood's preferred.—Apply, by letter only, to Messrs. WHITSTONE'S, 20, Conduit-street, W.

Just published, price 3s.,

MISS MARION PITMAN'S New Song, "VARIATIONS ON THE ELFIN WALTZ" (With portrait).

O! YE TEARS! O! YE TEARS! (Poetry by Dr. Mackay.) Arranged for two voices by the composer Franz Abt. 2s. 6d.

KATHLEEN AROON.—Poetry by MRS. CRAWFORD. Arranged for two voices by the composer Franz Abt. 2s. 6d. London: Robert Cocks and Co., New Burlington Street.

MADAME LEMMENS-SHERRINGTON will sing Franz Abt's popular ballad "O! ye tears! O! ye tears!" (Poetry by Dr. Mackay) at Mr. Van Praag's concert, on the 11th inst.; at Miss Zimmermann's matinee on the 13th; and at Mrs. Holmes's matinee on the 29th May. Programmes at Robert Cocks and Co.'s

MADAME SAINTON DOLBY'S
EDITION OF

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

Arranged for a Contralto Voice, and Sung by

MADAME SAINTON DOLBY.

Price Three Shillings.

London: RANSFORD & SON, 2, Princes Street, Oxford Circus.

Just Published,

THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH SERVICE BOOK, comprising 30 Psalms and the 7^e Deum, pointed for Chanting, 25 Chants, Sanctus, the Litany noted, the Commandments, and 4 Musical Responses to same, 8 General Responses, 6 Anthems, and 104 Hymn Tunes. Compiled by J. A. BRAMMONT, Hon. Organist and Choir Master of Edgbaston Congregational Chapel, Birmingham. Price 3s., cloth.

S. B. HOWELL, 52, New Street, Birmingham.

SIMPSON & MARSHALL, London.

A superior Edition, on large paper, price 5s., and an Edition of the words only, price 6d., cloth 4d., in paper covers, are in course of publication.

FRANZ SCHUBERT.

By DR. HEINRICH KREISSLE VON HELLBORN.*

I.

Heinrich von Kreissle,—as we learn from an interesting article in the *Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung*—published, three or four years ago, a *Biographical Sketch* of Franz Schubert, which, despite its unpretending character, was the best of the kind which had, up to that time, appeared concerning the great composer, similar productions, given to the world shortly after his decease, being only short notices, scattered in various periodicals of the day. It was, by the bye, Schubert's strange fate, that, for more than thirty years after he died, and despite the fact that the creations of his intellect had achieved a triumph over the entire educated world, while the appreciation of his fertile talent had risen till it had become a perfect Schubert worship, no attempt had been made to bring out an actual biography, and everything relating to his life, his mode of working, his existence apart from his art, etc., was introduced to the public partly in the garb of fantastic invention, and partly in the shape of anecdotal gossip. There was no dearth of projects to give an account of his life and works: thus, we know from Liszt's lips that after he had published his book on Chopin he was collecting materials for a life of Schubert, and took a great interest in the task. We learn also, from Kreissle's preface, that Herr Anselm Hüttenbrenner, a friend of Schubert's, had furnished Liszt with materials of this kind, and, furthermore, that certain gentlemen in Vienna likewise entertained the purpose of writing the life of Schubert. But nothing came of all this, and the reasons are very correctly explained by the present biographer in his preface. After acknowledging that the publication of the sketch already mentioned was the cause of his receiving from many persons unknown to him welcome information, and that, thanks to this information as well as to his own exertions, he gradually became possessed of a comparatively rich stock of materials, he continues thus:—

"The difficulties with which we have to contend in writing an account of Schubert's life remain, it is true, the same. They culminate in the impossibility, when dealing with a life in which there were neither mountains nor valleys, but only a well-worn level whereon our composer moved forward with rhythmical regularity, of rendering that life interesting and important without offering the reader, instead of truth, traits of fancy which for the moment might perhaps excite and amuse him, but would in no way advance the object in view.† This is precisely the reason why even persons who had it in their power to afford us a great deal of trustworthy information concerning Schubert's life, have, after repeated attempts at more extensive works of this kind, finally fallen back upon the assertion that a biography of Schubert was nothing more nor less than an impracticable undertaking, because in consequence of his outward existence being so completely detached from everything relating to his intellectual life he is to be represented and understood only by his musical inspirations. There is certainly a grain of truth in the assertion: on account of the absence of intimate mutuality between inward and outward life, every biography of Schubert's bears, more or less, the stamp of sketchiness, and the enumeration and appreciation of his artistic efforts always lay claim to a disproportionately large space. This view of the case, however, just because it asserts too much, did not exert the slightest effect in restraining me from again venturing with increased strength upon the attempt thus deprecated, and endeavouring to carry it out to the best of my endeavours. It is my conviction, based upon experience, that, at no distant time, in consequence of the death of the still living witnesses of Schubert's outward existence, a biography of him will become an utter impossibility, and further, despite so many unavoidable gaps, that in all essential particulars it would be difficult to offer more than is contained in the present work, unless any one, taking up his station upon purely musical ground, felt the inclination, and had the leisure critically to dissect Schubert's compositions, which number about one thousand."

After a perusal of the book we feel bound to declare that the author is perfectly justified in stating that we can scarcely expect

to see a more complete stock of information concerning Schubert's life than that now published. The musical world is, therefore, greatly indebted to him for the publication of the work, because, to the best of his knowledge and ability, he gives us the historical truth without being in the least swayed by the fact of its dispelling favorable and dreamy notions or annihilating unfavorable and calumnious ones. If, in pursuance of this plan he sometimes descends to trivial instances of conscientiousness in the reproduction of unimportant statements concerning Schubert, only indirectly and outwardly, nay more, if he exposes himself to the danger of being reproached by many readers for dryness, we, on the other hand, confess that though the book might certainly have been less voluminous, and consequently the circulation of it, which is so desirable, have been facilitated by greater cheapness, this copiousness, even when it refers to matters of more local interest, or to economical questions, is, in our eyes, far preferable to the so-called florid style of a biographer, who colors with his own personal views everything relating to his hero. Then again, "The absence of intimate mutuality between inward and outward life," as the author says in the preface above quoted, renders, we must say fortunately, another kind of artistic biography impossible in the case of Schubert. We allude to the psychological explanations of the process pursued by genius from the outward circumstances, adventures, nay, bodily condition of the poet or of the composer; the construction of his "I" from the first manifestations of his mind to the highest creations of the latter; the proof of the necessity not only of his development according to definite and general tendencies, but even of the origin of isolated works, and a multitude of other enigmas, which human pride arrogantly undertakes to explain by the dissection of a divine nature. But even the boldest psychological commentator, most skilled in dialectics, will in the presence of the thousand works of a purely musical genius like Schubert, strike his forehead and be fairly brought to a standstill.

And does not very frequently a statement of naked facts speak to us more instructively and more impressively, nay does it not more deeply move us than mere reasoning and sentimental declamation? Can we receive a more plain notion of the lot of a musical genius in his relations to the music trade than by the reproduction of letters addressed by publishers of repute to the composer, such for instance, as the letter of H. A. Probst, of Leipzig, who (April, 1828, half a year before Schubert's death) paid him for the E flat major trio, Op. 100, 20 florins, 50 kreutzers, "because a trio is as a rule only an honorary title, and there is seldom much to be got by it!" (Page 434.) Besides asking about the Opus number, he requested information concerning some dedication or other, and Schubert replied:—

"The *Opus* of the trio is 100. The work will be dedicated to no one, except to such as are pleased with it. This is the most lucrative dedication." (Page 435.)

And what shall we think, too, on reading that the property left by Schubert at his death was valued by the authorities (the manuscripts of course counted for nothing) at 63 florins, and that his father, himself in poverty, paid for him debts to the amount of 269 florins, 19 kreutzers, incurred during his illness and for his funeral, while Haslinger, according to his own admission, had up to 1860 made 27000 florins by the song of "Der Wanderer." Should we not, too, attach value to the simple letters of his brother Ferdinand to his father, and of the latter to Ferdinand, with whom Franz lived, letters which give us so touching an account of the last moments of the dying man; and are not these letters both more beautiful and more trustworthy monuments of the love of his relations for him than the loudest protestations of strangers?

His father (a schoolmaster in the Rossau, Vienna) writes on the morning that Franz died—the 19th November, 1828—to Ferdinand:

"My dear son Ferdinand, the days of sorrow and grief weigh heavily upon us. The dangerous illness of our beloved Franz painfully affects our spirits. There is nothing left for us in these days of sorrow except to seek consolation from Almighty God, and to bear with steady resignation to His holy will every misfortune that strikes us, in conformity with His wise dispensation; the end will convince us of His wisdom and goodness and bring us peace. Therefore, take courage and have a lively faith in God: He will strengthen you so that you shall not succumb, and his blessing will assure you a happy future. Do only what you can that our good Franz shall immediately

* Vienna, published by Karl Gerold's son, 1865. VI. and 620 pages, in 8vo, with Schubert's portrait and Autograph of the tenth July 1821.

† Such poetical "Fancies," colored by the feelings of the authors, have actually appeared in print. By far the greater part of their contents belongs to the domain of fable, and is merely calculated to cause the composer to appear in a light very different from that of the reality.

receive the Holy Sacraments of the dying, and I live in the consolatory hope that God will strengthen and preserve him. Sorrowing, but strengthened by my reliance in God, I remain your affectionate father,

And this was Ferdinand's letter of the 21st November, 1828:—
BELOVED AND RESPECTED FATHER,—Very many persons express a wish for the body of our good Franz to be buried in the Währinger Churchyard. Of these many persons I am decidedly one, because I think I have reason to be so on account of Franz himself, since, on the evening previous to his death he said to me, as he was in half-possession of his senses: 'I entreat you to carry me into my room, and not to leave me in this corner under the ground; for do I not merit a place above ground?' I answered: 'Dear Franz, make your mind easy, believe in your brother Ferdinand, in whom you have always believed, and who loves you so dearly. You are in the room in which you have always been up to the present time, and are lying in your bed.'—And Franz said: 'No; that's not true, Beethoven does not lie here!'—Is not this an indication of a most earnest wish on his part to rest by the side of Beethoven, whom he so honored? I have spoken, therefore, to Rieder and enquired how much it would cost to have him buried there, and it would amount to about 70 florins sterling.—A great deal! a very great deal!—But for Franz certainly very little!—For my part I could spare for a time 40 florins, for I received 50 yesterday. If, my dear father, you are of my opinion, a great weight will be taken from my heart. But you must make up your mind immediately, and let me know at once by the bearer of this, so that I might arrange about the hearse. You must also take measures to have the clergyman in Währing informed of the fact this morning.—Your sorrowing son,
FERDINAND."

"21st November, 1828.—Six o'clock in the morning."

The father acted immediately upon the suggestion and thus the wish of Schubert, who, even in his feverish dreams, expressed his desire to rest by the side of Beethoven, was fulfilled as far as possible; his grave (No. 223) being separated by only three others from that of Beethoven (No. 290) in the garden-like Währinger churchyard.

LONDON SOCIETY FOR TEACHING THE BLIND TO READ.—The anniversary meeting of the above society took place at the Hanover Square Rooms on Thursday, the 27th ult., and a crowded assemblage testified to the general public interest in the welfare of the society. The proceedings may be described as oratorical and musical—speeches being supplied by the Earl of Shaftesbury, J. Colquhoun, Esq., Major General Nuthall, Rev. Dr. Peille and others, interspersed by a good selection of music carefully interpreted by the pupils of the society. The familiar duet and chorus, "I waited for the Lord," from the *Lobgesang*, the ever-welcome "He watching over Israel" from *Elijah*, and a part-song by J. L. Hatton, were the most prominent of the vocal pieces, while the instrumental proficiency of the scholars was displayed in a Grand March for the Pianoforte, composed by R. J. Wilmot and played by the composer and Mr. W. Allen, and by the *Rondo* ("Consolation," Dussek), performed in a most praiseworthy manner by the last-named gentleman. So satisfactory, indeed, were the exhibitions of Mr. Allen and Mr. Wilmot that even so hasty a notice as this must not be closed without an acknowledgment of the services of Mr. Edwin Barnes, the professor of music at the Society's Schools, and therefore the instructor of the performers and the conductor of the performances above referred to.

THE CIVIL SERVICE MUSICAL SOCIETY.—We are authorized to announce that Mr. Frederic Clay, the Vice-President of this society, has received a communication from General Knollys intimating the willingness of the Prince of Wales to accede to a generally expressed wish that his Royal Highness should honour the society by becoming its patron. The Prince, at the same time, transmitted a cheque for ten guineas, requesting to be enrolled as a life member. The Duke of Cambridge has similarly testified his interest in the society. Viscount Palmerston, Earl Granville, Earl de Grey and Ripon, Mr. Gladstone, the Earl of Donoughmore, the Marquis of Hartington, Lord Dufferin, Sir Charles Wood, Sir Edward Ryan, and other distinguished personages, have also joined; and Mr. W. H. Stephenson, chairman of the Board of Inland Revenue, has expressed his readiness to accept the office of President. The object of this society is to cultivate and concentrate musical ability in the Civil Service, not entering into rivalry with any other institution of a similar nature, professional or amateur; and it is needless to insist on the advantage of providing for the large number of gentlemen employed in Government offices in London an agreeable and attractive amusement, with the stimulus of occasional concerts, which will be given as soon as the classes, already in active operation, shall have made sufficient progress to justify their appearance before the public.—*Times*.

* The original of this letter is in the possession of Herr von Kreutz.

L'AFRICAIN.

On Saturday morning, shortly after one o'clock, the representation of *L'Africain*, which began, with a punctuality quite military, at a quarter-past seven, was terminated. I hasten to give you the impressions which this grand occasion has produced upon me, believing that it will not be without some interest for the readers of the *Indépendance*, were it even only as an offering of early fruit. Proceeding to take my place in the orchestra through the Rue Lepelletier, which was magnificently lighted as far as the Boulevards, seeing the façade of the opera outlined under its garlands of gas, and marked from space to space by symbolical stars, beholding the crowds of carriages filled with young women in splendid toilettes, and ornamented with flowers and diamonds—I could not refrain from thinking I was going to some splendid fête. It was a fête, and a great operatic fête. The Emperor and Empress, who took possession of their box a little before the end of the first act, were dressed in deep mourning, and some ladies in the boxes of the first tier were also similarly attired. In general the gentlemen adopted a black dress and a white cravat. The vast space of the opera was filled to the ceiling with a crowd of young ladies, whose spring toilettes, full of splendour and freshness, brought out in the most pleasing manner the sombre groundwork of the scene. A great number of the official world were present, no doubt as a portion of the cortège of the Emperor, who decidedly leaves to-morrow for Algeria, as well as to witness a second time the work of Meyerbeer, of which they had already a foretaste in the general rehearsal, which took place on Sunday evening.

The impressions produced on the first occasion were entirely confirmed by the final trial which has just taken place. The success was so great and decided that we have to register a new *chef d'œuvre* for its composer. Can the same be said for the author of the poem? I doubt it; he has obtained but a hypothetical success.

You already know that the subject of *L'Africain* is Vasco de Gama, the bold Portuguese navigator whose glory and adventures have been described by Camoens in his *Lusiades*. I frankly confess to you that I never read the poem composed in honor of Vasco de Gama, Count of Vidiguerra and Admiral of the Indies. I am therefore totally unable to say whether there is to be found in the poem of Camoens the least trace of the double love which the hero felt for Donna Inez, a daughter of a member of the Royal Council, and for a beautiful African slave called Selika, who before she was made a captive was the powerful Queen of Malgaches. I am even inclined to think that this double love, like many other details of the new work, has had its origin in the imagination of the most fertile and often the most successful librettist of our era; for, if we are to believe the historians, Vasco de Gama, born about 1450, was not less than fifty years when he was sent by King Emmanuel to seek the new route to India by doubling the Cape of Good Hope. Now this is not precisely the age of love; but in the theatre, and especially in an operatic poem, we must not look too close. However this may be, it is in the changes to which this double love gives rise that the librettist has sought the interest of his action, or of his plot. There is, at least, an element of curiosity in the situation of a man like Vasco de Gama placed between two women, both of whom he loves successively, if not simultaneously, the one because he owes her much gratitude, the other simply because he owes her nothing but the happiness of loving and being loved. But for an operatic poem a half psychological and physiological subject would not suffice; therefore each of these two ladies has a second lover, whose assiduities they experience with regret. Donna Inez, the European, is betrothed from the rising of the curtain to a great lord, Don Pedro, President of the Royal Council. Selika, the African, has a companion in slavery, a certain Nelusko, who was also a great chief in the island of Madagascar before he became captive through an improbable adventure at sea. These two lovers are naturally jealous, with all the strength of lovers in Portugal and Africa, and the one is quite as passionate as the other. However, the jealousy of the Portuguese is more legitimate, because Donna Inez becomes his wife. You now understand all the obstacles against which the inconstant Vasco de Gama had to contend. If he paid his court to Donna Inez, the jealous Selika will be sure to make him repent of it; if he escapes from the terrible Portuguese, the indignant Malgachien is ready to punish him. He must be a very adroit navigator to steer his barque between these opposite rocks. Here, therefore, are five leading personages well marked. *L'Africain* is in five acts, and passes through three phases of action; the first takes place in Lisbon; the second at sea; the third in the Island of Madagascar—at least we suppose it is there. In the first act the scene is in the council chamber of the King of Portugal. Vasco de Gama, who was believed to have been lost at sea in one of his daring nautical expeditions, suddenly appears—first because of his love to Donna Inez, next because he is more than ever persuaded of doubling the Cape of Tempestes, and discovering the route to India. Called upon to explain himself upon this point before the council, of which the Grand Inquisitor and the bishops are

members, he is condemned to expiate in chains in the depths of a prison the crime of having maintained the existence of distant countries of which the Scriptures have not spoken. Let us not forget that the action is placed in the 15th century, when the Papal encyclicals were a reality. The second act takes place in the cells of the Inquisition. It seems that this terrible tribunal was not as cruel as the historians have painted it, since the beautiful African slave Selika was admitted to be the companion of her master and to console him. The act concludes by a real thunderclap. Donna Inez presents herself in person in the prison, and announces to Vasco that he is free; but, alas! she has paid dearly for the liberty of her lover, because she has given her hand to Don Pedro. As if this was not sufficiently unfortunate, this same Don Pedro being as much of an intriguer as he was jealous, got himself nominated as the admiral of the fleet which was about to proceed to discover the passage to India. This is a free translation of the *sic vos non vobis* of Virgil translated into opera.

In the third act we are on the Indian seas on board the famous vessel of which so much has been said. This is the admiral's vessel, on which, like a prudent husband, Don Pedro put on board his wife, and of which Nelusko is pilot. One need not be a great conjuror to divine that Vasco de Gama will find some means of uniting himself with the object of his passion—nay, with the two objects—for Selika has become the slave of Donna Inez. But the audacious mariner is surprised by the Admiral Don Pedro, who prepares to put him to death. Just as this act of summary justice is about to be accomplished a tempest takes place, the vessel, put upon the wrong course by the perfidious Nelusko, strikes upon a rock, and the inhabitants of the neighbouring country leap on board with arms in their hands, to massacre the crew and passengers. A gesture of Selika stops them. This is striking and magnificent.

The fourth and fifth acts take place to all appearance in the island of Madagascar, although the libretto does not say so, and although the pagodas and Hindoo monuments, which serve for decoration, certainly display a civilisation far more advanced than existed in that quarter of the globe, or, perhaps, exist even now, in the 19th century. Selika, from a slave, has become queen, and as she is desperately in love with Vasco de Gama, she will certainly do everything in her power to save his life. There is only one means left for effecting this; it is to announce that he is her husband. Nelusko is stupefied. The gratitude of Vasco, who gives himself, perhaps too easily, to joy, because he is safe and sound, and under the influence of some excitement, is displayed in an admirable duet with Selika. In the midst of this burst of mutual tenderness the voice of Donna Inez, who is going to be put to death, is heard in the distance bidding adieu to the beloved banks of the Tagus and to life. Vasco starts and turns pale. Selika divines the reason.

The fifth act is composed of two tableaux. The first takes place in the gardens of the Queen, who has invited her rival for the purpose, no doubt, of insulting and wounding her before putting her to death; but by one of those sudden outbreaks of feeling which occur in the Tropics as well as in Europe the African takes pity on her victim, and calls Nelusko to her. She orders him secretly to put De Gama and Inez on board a vessel which is about to sail for Portugal; then knowing that she could not survive the loss of the handsome European to whom she was so devotedly attached, she proceeds to the headland where the manchineel tree, whose shadow is death, rises in its funeral majesty. At the foot of the tree, which covers with its thick foliage the greatest portion of the large scene of the opera the sacrifice which forms the poetic subject of the second tableau takes place. The scene is a marvel of color and effect. Here it is that Selika, having before her eyes the vast ocean on which appeared in the distance the vessel which was to bear De Gama and Inez, inspires with a sombre pleasure the fatal perfume of the fruit with red leaves, which leads gradually from delirium to death. Nelusko, alone the witness of her agony, remains bent beside his queen, whom he has so much loved, and who, if she is not to be his, will not at least belong to anybody else. This is the substance of the libretto. There are certainly others more interesting, more dramatic, and even more ably conceived; but Meyerbeer, who understood the subject and who could exercise a selection from a certain number of poems, gave the preference to the present one, and the effect of the first representation shows that he was not quite wrong. There is in *L'Africaine* what we rarely find in this kind of theatrical productions, the difficulties of which are greater than are generally supposed, musical situations happily conceived and combined, and in default of a very marked opposition in the sentiments of the persons, all of them lovers in their fashion, a certain variety of types which has supplied to the composer the subject of many a sublime passage and more than one inspiration, which will become immortal like the name of Meyerbeer himself.

Without doubt the general effect of the score is not less severe than grand. In the three first acts especially, it is the lyrical *melopœia* after the fashion of Gluck, which prevails, and we feel that this ma-

jestic Janus—bifrons of music, one of whose faces was constantly towards Germany, his country, whilst the other was turned towards Italy, and perhaps a little towards France, wished, as far as possible to fix his eyes on the side of the Rhine, but from the beginning of the fourth act the melody flows in full flood, and even in the preceding acts, where it is absent from the singing, we discover it in the marvellous arrangement of the orchestra. I shall confine myself at present to pointing out the portions which have produced the strongest and most profound effect. In the first act the chorus for basses of the grand inquisition, and the bishops, "You whom the world reveres," which was enclosed in the second act; the slumber song, by Mdlle. Saxe (Selika), "On my knees, child of the sun!" in the third act all the choruses so varied in rhythm, of the introduction, which is a masterpiece of instrumental and choral melody, as also a magnificent phrase recited by Faure (Nelusko) with incomparable power. "To the north, turn to the north; or if not death." In the fourth act we may mention almost all the pieces, but that which raised a transport of enthusiasm was a duet, full of tenderness and sweetness, between Naudin and Mdlle. Saxe. Never did Meyerbeer display more of the inspiration of love. One might almost say that the notes fall like the tears of a virgin into the cup of a lotus. In the fifth act the entire theatre burst forth into wild applause when the orchestra executed the symphonic prelude in the time of a funeral march, which precedes the arrival of Selika under the manchineel tree. In this there are 16 bars, executed in unison by altos, violas, and violins, on the fourth string, the fascinating melody of which is inexpressible. Although the hour was far advanced there was a desire to hear this prelude several times, the audience could not do without it, and when, according to usual custom, the pit loudly demanded the name of the author, and the curtain was raised for a kind of apotheosis, in which all the artists were grouped around the bust of the immortal author, the eyes of many were filled with tears, whilst the orchestra repeated once more the splendid phrase. It was like the song of the dying swan. As to the performance, Naudin, Faure, and Mdlle. Saxe, whom the composer had himself pointed out before his death as the interpreters of his work, were deserving of the highest praise. Perhaps Mdlle. Saxe deserves the highest place of all. Her voice was splendid. Naudin is not exactly modelled like a hero, and in the recitative the Italian accent was too prominent, but he sang the duet in the fourth act in the most charming manner. Faure, in his Malgachian dress was magnificent, and his voice was more sonorous and powerful than ever. The *divertissement* in the fourth act is at once full of sweetness and richness; and the only pity is that it is so short. The scenery, especially that of the manchineel tree, was painted by the hand of a master, but the three-decker, of which so much has been said, had not much success, and shared the same fate as the libretto.

Mr. JOHN BOOSEY, Mr. S. Arthur Chappell, and Mr. Duncan Davison have returned from Paris with a good portion of the score of the *Africaine* in their portmanteaus.

BIRMINGHAM.—The Opera company in Broad Street is the best which has played in Birmingham for many years. The scenery and resources of the theatre, the taste and liberality of the manager, the completeness and precision of the band, and the vocal and acting powers of the company, leave little to be desired. The production of the best operas—new as well as old—deserves praise. The popular *Il Trovatore*, *La Sonnambula*, and *The Bohemian Girl*, have been produced very fairly. The new operas of Gounod—*The Mock Doctor* and *Faust*—have been put upon the stage regardless of expense, and have been welcomed and applauded. Such enterprise deserves the reward of crowded houses and loud applause. Mademoiselle Martorelle has a sweet and flexible voice, although there is a want of histrionic powers, and an artificial style in her action, which detract from the effect she produces. Miss Huddart, as Azucena, was admirable in make-up. Miss Thirlwall's Siebel—subordinate as this character is—was carefully studied and played. The new tenor, Mr. Adams, young and good-looking, and with greater powers as an actor than experienced tenors often possess, has a clear voice, of great range, and attained a remarkable success. Mr. Albert Lawrence, with an excellent baritone voice, has played and sung uniformly well: while Mr. Henry Corri has surpassed all expectations by his versatility. Whether as Dominique, in the *Mock Doctor*, Mephistopheles in *Faust*, or Devil's Hoof, in the *Bohemian Girl*, Mr. Corri displayed excellent vocal and acting powers. Herr Meyer Lutz, conductor of the band, is entitled to a special word of praise. The Ballet has, perhaps, never been rivalled in this town. If Mdlle. Duchateau is less classically graceful than Ida Idalie, she dances with skill, and is capably supported by Mdlle. Esther. The dumbdrolleries of the inimitable Payne Family can only be seen, and cannot be described; and whoever has not seen these *ballets d'action*, can form no idea how much can be expressed without uttering a word.

CRYSTAL PALACE.

PRESENTATION OF TESTIMONIAL TO HERR MANNS.—Saturday last brought to a close the series of musical entertainments of the season 1864-65, which have been marked throughout by discriminating taste and uniform excellence. In consequence of the enthusiastic reception awarded to the "Choral Symphony" on the preceding Saturday, and of the inability of many visitors to get within the concert-room, this magnificent composition was repeated on Saturday last, and drew together a more numerous, and, if possible, a more delighted audience. Having already spoken of last week's performance, we need only add that the second was, for all concerned in its execution, a genuine triumph, and for all who listened an unqualified treat. At its close Mr. Manns was loudly recalled. The solo vocalists were Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Miss Julia Elton, Mr. Wilbye Cooper, and Mr. Lewis Thomas.

Immediately after the concert several of the directors and of the gentlemen who had interested themselves in the "Manns' Testimonial," the subscribers and their friends, repaired to the Terrace Dining-rooms, where, on a platform raised for the occasion, were exhibited the magnificent and costly *Sèvres* clock and vases, which, with a purse of 200 guineas, were to be presented to the popular conductor.

Mr. Scott Russell having been elected to the chair, said that he, as a director of the Crystal Palace Company, deemed himself happy and privileged in being chosen to present, in the name of his brother directors, and Mr. Manns's friends and admirers, a testimonial which that gentleman so well merited. The chairman spoke in the warmest terms of Mr. Manns's known ability and conscientious efforts to raise the standard of excellence of the Crystal Palace musical performances. For the last ten years he had had frequent opportunities of judging of Mr. Manns's talents and personal character, and rejoiced at having the opportunity publicly to state that he esteemed him equally in his artistic and private capacity. "Ten years ago," said Mr. Scott Russell, "we, old inhabitants of the district, viewed the Crystal Palace as an intruder on the privacy of our homes and retirement; now, on the contrary, we daily repair to our different avocations in the busy and crowded City of three millions, knowing and rejoicing that we leave our wives and daughters amidst such varied sources of intellectual, refining, and elevating wealth as might be envied by the proudest and highest in the land."

Mr. Manns, who was evidently touched by the kind and laudatory manner in which he had just been spoken of, stepped forward to return his thanks, but was allowed a few bars' rest by repeated rounds of cheers and applause, in which his fair admirers took a prominent part. Mr. Manns in a neat and fluent speech begged to thank from his heart all concerned in this demonstration of approval and goodwill towards him, assuring them that ten years' arduous professional exertions and cares were more than repaid by the reception he had met with. "If," said he, "the mere wish to do good is sufficient to afford happiness to many, what must my feelings be in looking back on the scene of my labors amongst you, honored and cheered by the esteem and approbation of those who so often come to listen to the strains of the fine band which it is my privilege to conduct, and which is so efficiently maintained by the liberality of my directors. I felt proud indeed of the kind things said of me by Mr. Scott Russell, because I find that I have justified the confidence which, ten years ago, when music was dethroned here, he was pleased to place in me, then a comparative stranger, and I gladly receive at his hands this most handsome testimonial, which my wife and I shall always hold most precious, and which I shall teach my little girl to revere as the expression of the esteem entertained for her father for his humble but honest efforts in the cause of art by those whom he trusts still to serve and please until his hair is silver grey."

MUSICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.

What should have been the distinguishing point of the second concert, which took place on Wednesday night in St. James's-hall, produced unfortunately but little effect. It was, nevertheless, a work entirely unknown to the audience. The band of the Musical Society of London, unequalled in numerical strength, guided by a conductor whose superior it would be difficult to find, and comprising in its ranks, with very few exceptions, the best instrumental players in the country, must, nevertheless, look to its laurels. Such an execution as that on the occasion under notice, of Herr Ferdinand Hiller's symphony in E minor ("Es muss doch Frühling werden"), is not likely to sustain the reputation it has won by many really admirable, some quite first-class, performances. Although the symphony is not absolutely new, having been given at the Düsseldorf Festival of 1855, it has but recently been published, and is dedicated to the Musical Society of London. A compliment so marked, from a composer of European fame, an honorary fellow of the society, Director of the Conservatory at Cologne, Mendelssohn's contemporary, friend, and in some sort rival, should, we

think, have met with proportionate consideration. But the fatal system of presenting a strange composition, however elaborate, after the experience of one solitary rehearsal, obtains at the concerts of the Musical Society of London, as at those of other societies which do not pretend to half so much. The consequence was that the symphony of Herr Ferdinand Hiller shared the fate of Mr. Henry Smart's *Bride of Dunharrow* at the previous concert. It was for the most part coarsely performed by the orchestra, and altogether ill-appreciated by the audience. Mr. Smart's *cantata*, a composition of very eminent merit, was received with enthusiasm at the Birmingham Festival, last September, and more recently at the Liverpool Philharmonic. Herr Ferdinand Hiller's symphony has passed the ordeal of the severest judges in Germany. Both fell dead before the audience of professors and "connoisseurs," the Musical Society of London; and neither, it must be admitted, owed anything to the manner in which they were executed. The same was the case some time ago with Schubert's imaginative symphony in C, which Mendelssohn loved, and himself brought to England, of which Schumann wrote in terms of rapture, which Dr. Wyld has made thoroughly acceptable to the audiences of the New Philharmonic, and which was hissed by some of the members of the Musical Society of London—just as the superb overture to Rossini's *Guillaume Tell* was hissed in the "dark ages" of the elder Philharmonic Society, where now it would meet with its deserts. Under the circumstances, we shall merely say of the symphony of Herr Ferdinand Hiller, that it is the masterly work of a genuine master of his art, and that it merited both a more refined execution and a more cordial reception.

About the rest of the concert we can only speak in terms of eulogy. The overture to *Ruy Blas* at the beginning, and that to *Oberon* at the end of the programme, were performed in such a style as would have delighted both Mendelssohn and Weber. Our most accomplished soprano, Miss Louisa Pyne, sang the beautiful *scena* from Mr. Vincent Wallace's *Lurline* ("Sad is my soul"), and a brilliant *bravura* from Auber's opera *L'Ambassadeur*, in her most finished manner, and all these were received with hearty demonstrations of approval.

But the feature of the concert was, beyond comparison, Madame Clara Schumann's very fine performance of Beethoven's pianoforte concerto in E flat—"the Emperor-Concerto," as it has been appropriately styled. It would be difficult to imagine anything more intelligent than her reading of this magnificent work, from end to end. Every phrase was rightly emphasized, every passage, dominant or subordinate, allowed its proper significance; and thus the right balance was preserved throughout. The Clara Wieck of "Eusebius" and "Florestan," the wife of the intellectual and aspiring Robert Schumann, showed herself worthy of her fame. The music and the performance were equally well understood; and the applause bestowed upon Madame Schumann, who was unanimously summoned at the conclusion, was enthusiastic. Unqualified praise may, with equal fairness, be bestowed upon Mr. Alfred Mellon and the band, for the admirable manner in which the orchestral accompaniments were played.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

BACH'S MODE OF PLAYING.

SIR,—I protest against the dictum of your correspondent, "A Reader," that, "because Bach has remained the greatest contrapuntal writer, it does not follow that his way of playing should be the best." This is truly putting Bach on his back with a vengeance! If human testimony is to go for anything, Bach was beyond all question the greatest organ-player as well as the greatest composer for that instrument that his or perhaps any other age has produced or will produce. But it must not be overlooked that the touch of organs in our day is vastly different from the touch of the instruments in the days of Bach. Had that great man lived in our times he would doubtless have accommodated his style of playing to the touch of the instruments on which he would have to perform.

On this question of touch, however, it must be admitted that the authorities on organ playing are by no means at one among themselves. Perhaps some of your readers will kindly undertake to "resolve the discords" of their utterances.

First hear Dr. Griepenkerl of Brunswick, editor of the Leipzig edition of Bach's organ works. In his preface he thus describes the Bach touch, recommending it for the performance of all organ music. It will be observed that the Dr.'s remarks are characterised by all the usual German lucidness of style. Possibly the credit of this may belong to the translator.

"According to Bach's theory of touch, only the first finger which begins the passage is placed on the key, those which follow are not all placed on it, but, as it were, *spring in*, the preceding finger being always drawn back quickly. The finger which keeps down the key serves as a support of the suitable pressure of the lower arm, which

was required for the keeping down of the key, but it is under the influence of the intention to continue this pressure to the following finger, and hence is like a spring, which would instantly fly back to the interior of the hand, if the pressure were diminished though but a little. This is done at the moment that the following finger, which of course is kept prepared for this, shall serve as a support for the pressure of the lower arm. The finger, in gliding from the key, does not remain back, but resumes immediately its natural position, suspended quietly and prepared over the keys, until it is again wanted. The energy and elasticity of this touch is internal, but very little movement of the fingers is visible, and the rest of the body has no part in it. Even the hand does not look strained, the fingers are not strained, the fingers are not bent claw-like, but are suspended in a natural curve above the keys."

To the same effect, Mr. Higgs, editor of Handel's Five Fugues from the *Suites de Pièces*, arranged for the organ, in his preface observes:—"It is recorded of Handel's own performance 'that his touch was so smooth that his fingers seemed to grow to the keys, and that they were so curved and compact when he played that no motion (and scarcely the fingers themselves) could be discovered.' No doubt Handel's method of playing was very much like that of Sebastian Bach, thus described in Forkel's life of that great musician." Mr. Higgs then quotes from Forkel the passage on which your correspondent, "A Reader," comments, and which, as it has already appeared in your columns, I need not transcribe.

Now for the other side. Mr. Hopkins, than whom there is no better living authority, treats this special Bach and Handel touch as a style of playing as antiquated as the perukes and powder which these great musicians wore, or as the keyboards on which they played. I quote from Mr. Hopkins' elaborate work 'on the construction of the organ,' page 45. "The original keys of many of the old instruments were very short and disagreeable to play upon. Previous to the year 1720 (before which date Bach and Handel, both born in 1685, had fully matured their style of playing), the thumbs were but little used in organ-playing, but usually hung down in front of the manual; consequently the portion of the naturals that projected forward in front of the short keys was made to do so as little as possible, that the fingers might reach the so-called sharps with the more ease. It was the custom, moreover, instead of raising the fingers from the knuckles, to draw them under towards the palm of the hand, which accounts for the short manuals of old organs being scooped out into hollows in the centre by the friction of the nails. When the thumb came to be more freely used on the naturals, the front part of the naturals was made a little longer; and when at length, in modern times, they were also freely employed on the short keys, those in their turn had to be elongated."

It would be greatly to the advantage of the musical world if Mr. Hopkins, or another equally qualified, would show how these conflicting opinions may be reconciled; or, if reconciliation be, as to me it appears, impossible, the open discussion of the best style of playing will be of no less interest. Further information as to the exact date when the short keyboards disappeared, would, I think, be desirable. It is taxing the faith of a student to no small extent to tell him that Bach played his fugues without his thumb. But if it should appear that he really did, and if it be decided that the Bach touch and no other is legitimate, ought we not consistently to return to the short keyboards, detaching our thumbs on outpost duty to look out for the stragglers that will inevitably slip through our fingers?

Your subscriber,

R. B. S.

Glasgow, 2nd May, 1865.

NATIONAL CHORAL SOCIETY.

TO LEICESTER BUCKINGHAM, ESQ.

Sir,—The performance of the *Creation* on Monday evening derived peculiar brilliancy from the reappearance of Mr. Santley, who has returned to England in, if possible, better voice than ever, and who is never more acceptable to the audiences who frequent Exeter Hall than when singing those songs in the *Creation* which it may fairly be said have gained a new charm by his incomparable delivery. I need hardly say that the reception accorded to him was enthusiastic, or that he threw his whole soul into the pleasant task of justifying the high compliment so paid to his rare abilities. He sang magnificently, and gave the air, "Now Heaven in fullest glory shone," with a voice and spirit not to be surpassed. Of course an encore was insisted upon, and under the circumstances might have been pardoned even by the inveterate hater of repetitions. The soprano music was chiefly sung by Miss Louisa Pyne, who made her usual impression in the lovely air, "With verdure clad," and the yet more brilliant "On mighty wings,"—both of which she sang to the uttermost degree of perfection. The solo with chorus, "The marvellous work beholdeth amazed," was delivered by Madame Andrea Elwood, a young lady with a pleasing soprano

voice, who produced a favorable effect; and the tenor songs were entrusted to Mr. B. Taylor, a singer new to the London public (from Rochester Cathedral, I believe). The choruses were carefully and well sung; "Achieved is the glorious work" with particular spirit, "The Heavens are telling" with all effect, and the more delicate episodes with sympathetic taste. Altogether the performance was a success, and deserved the hearty reception it obtained from a crowded audience.—I am, Sir, yours,

LAVENDER PITT.

MR. GYE has gone to Paris, no doubt to see the *Africaine*, and possibly to bring over Madlle. Adelina Patti.

FESTIVAL OF THE THREE CHOIRS.—The preliminary arrangements for the next triennial festival of the Three Choirs of Worcester, Hereford, and Gloucester, have just been made. The festival will be held this year at Gloucester, and the 5th, 6th, 7th, and 8th of September have been fixed as the dates. Dr. Wesley, the recently-elected organist of Gloucester Cathedral, has been chosen by the stewards as conductor of the festival, and he proceeds at once to arrange the programme, and make the necessary engagements of artists. No less than seventy-four of the leading noblemen and gentlemen of the district have consented to become stewards this year, whereas only a few years ago it was with some difficulty that a dozen names could be obtained. Among the stewards are the High Sheriff, J. A. G. Clarke, Esq., the Earl of Ellenborough, Lord Leigh, the Hon. Colonel Berkeley, M.P., Sir Michael E. Hicks Beach, Bart, M.P., Rev. Sir Lionel Darell, Bart., the Ven. Sir George Prevost, Bart., Rev. Sir J. H. C. Seymour, Bart., Canon of Gloucester; Sir J. F. Davis, Bart, K.C.B., Mr. R. S. Holford, M.P., Mr. E. Holland, M.P., Mr. Kingcote, M.P., Mr. J. J. Powell, M.P., Mr. Rolt, M.P., Mr. Yorke, M.P., &c.

DURHAM.—(From a correspondent.)—The members of the Durham Glee and Madrigal Union gave an evening concert in the New Town Hall, on Thursday week, in aid of the funds of the Durham County Hospital. The singers were Miss Sara Dobson and the City of Durham Glee and Madrigal Union, consisting of the following members:—Alti, Messrs. Martin and Walker; tenors, Messrs. Price and Whitehead; bassi, Messrs. J. Lambert, Kaye, and David Lambert. Dr. Armes presided at the pianoforte. The concert opened with a chorus of Adam's, "Comrade in Arms," given by the Glee and Madrigal Union, and in which the excellence of the voices became at once apparent. The precision with which the points were attacked in such pieces as "On the water," "Glory and love" (*Faust*), the blending of the voices, and the contrast in the *pp* passages with the "roar" (!) of the *forte*, were perfect. In the choral pieces "Evening's Twilight" and "Soft Music" the *crescendo* and *diminuendo* passages were carefully observed, and the subdued passages marked by great delicacy; whilst the *fortissimo* passages were overwhelming. This excellence was also noticeable in "Tears of anguish," "The image of the rose," and "The cloud-capt towers," all of which were given with much effect. The solos were sung by Messrs. Lambert and Walker, and the vocal humming accompaniment had a novel effect, the full-voiced low notes of the basses being like the subdued peal of the peal pipe of an organ. Of the other pieces we might name "When the wind blows," sung by Messrs. Walker, Price, Whitehead, and Kaye, and "The three dreams," sung by Miss Dobson, Mr. Whitehead, and Mr. D. Lambert, as among the most satisfactory. The glee, "The breath of the brier," was excellently sung by Miss Dobson, Messrs. Martin, Whitehead, and J. Lambert. Miss Dobson has a well-toned and powerful soprano voice, and her singing of Rode's air with variations, and Horn's song, "I've been roaming," was greeted with immense applause. It was the lady's first appearance in Durham, and her success was such as to ensure her a hearty welcome on the occasion of any future visit. The "A.B.C. duet" was capitally sung by Miss Dobson and Mr. J. Lambert, the pure soprano of the former contrasting strongly with the deep and powerful bass voice of the latter, and securing an enthusiastic encore. Messrs. Whitehead and Price each contributed a song; the latter "The Death of Nelson," and the former Reichart's "Thou art so near and yet so far." Both these gentlemen possess good tenor voices, and their singing was marked by good taste. In Mendelssohn's pedlar's song, "I'm a roamer," Mr. David Lambert displayed a compass of two octaves of a rich and highly-cultivated bass voice. The duet, "The Elixir of Love," was effectively sung by Messrs. Price and David Lambert. Dr. Armes presided at the pianoforte, accompanying all the vocal pieces most ably; and the concert concluded with the national anthem. Great credit is due to the members of the Union, and in particular to the indefatigable hon. treasurer and secretary, Mr. J. Lambert and Mr. W. J. Martin, for the admirable manner in which the arrangements for the concert were carried out. I hear that a handsome sum (from £60 to £70) will be handed over as the proceeds of the evening's entertainment, to that excellent institution, the Durham County Hospital.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,
(St. James's Hall.)

ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-EIGHTH CONCERT.

Monday Evening, May 8.

(NINETEENTH CONCERT OF THE SEVENTH SEASON.)

FOR THE BENEFIT OF
Madame ARABELLA GODDARD.

PART I.

QUARTET, in D major, No. 45, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, H. WEBB, and PIATTI . . . Haydn.
SONG, "Prison'd in a cage" (*Mock Doctor*)—Mr. SIMS REEVES . . . Gounod.
SONATA APPASSIONATA, in F minor, Op. 57, for Pianoforte alone—Madame ARABELLA GODDARD . . . Beethoven.

PART II.

SONATA, in B flat (dedicated to Mlle. Strinassacchi), for Pianoforte and Violin—Madame ARABELLA GODDARD and HERR JOACHIM . . . Mozart.
SONG, "O, ma maitresse" (*Lalla Rookh*)—Mr. SIMS REEVES . . . Felicien David
TRIO, in C minor, for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello—Madame ARABELLA GODDARD, HERR JOACHIM, and Signor PIATTI . . . Mendelssohn.

Conductor, - - - Mr. BENEDICT.

MR. CHARLES HALLE'S PIANOFORTE RECITALS.
(St. James's Hall.)

Second Recital, Friday Afternoon, May 12th.

PART I.

SONATA, in A minor, No. 10 (first time) . . . Mozart.
"SUITE FRANÇAISE, in E major . . . S. Bach.
SONATA, in F sharp minor, Op. 78 . . . Beethoven.

PART II.

GRAND SONATA, in A major (first time) . . . Schubert.
PRELUDE & FUGUE, in E minor, Op. 35, No. 1 . . . Mendelssohn.
"MOMENTO CAPRICCIOSO," in B flat, Op. 12 . . . Weber.
TARENTELE, in E minor, Op. 53 (first time) . . . Heller.

Seaf Stalls, 10s. 6d; Balcony, 7s.; Unreserved Seats, 3s.

Tickets at CHAPPELL & Co.'s, 50, New Bond-street; OLLIVIER & Co., Old Bond-street; CHAMBER & Co.'s, Regent-street; and at the Hall, 28, Piccadilly.

L'HISTOIRE de PALMERIN d'OLIVE filz du Roy
FLORENDO de MACEDONE et de LA BELLE GRISIE, fille de Remiculus, Empereur de Constantinople, by JEAN MAUGIN, dit le PETIT ANGEVIN. A perfect copy of this extremely rare Romance to be sold for SIX GUINEAS, (no diminution of price). Enquire of DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 241, Regent Street.

Will shortly appear.

"MUSICAL DEVELOPMENT."

A NEW WORK, by JOSEPH GODDARD, (Author of "The Philosophy of Music.") Those who may desire to become Subscribers to the above work are respectfully requested to forward their names to the Author at 67, St. Paul's Road, Camden Square, N.W. The following are among the names already received:—William Chappell, F.S.A., Augustine Sargood, Esq., John Boosey, Esq., J. Ella, Esq., W. T. Best, Esq., and G. W. Martin, Esq.
Price to Subscribers is 6s.; after publication the price to purchasers will be 6s. 6d.

TO MUSICAL LECTURERS AND PROFESSORS.

MR. JOSEPH GODDARD has a few original MUSICAL LECTURES to dispose of.—136, St. Paul's Road, Camden Square, N.W.

NOTICES.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of THE MUSICAL WORLD is at MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244 Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as eleven o'clock A.M., on Fridays—but not later. Payment on delivery.

TO PUBLISHERS AND COMPOSERS—Music for Review must be forwarded to the Editor, care of MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244 Regent Street.

TO CONCERT GIVERS.—No Benefit-Concert, or Musical Performance, except of general interest, unless previously Advertised, can be reported in THE MUSICAL WORLD.

BIRTH.

On the 2nd of May, at 14, Lonsdale-square, the wife of W. H. Clomow, Esq., of a son.

The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, MAY 6, 1865.

THE mystery is solved—the *Africaine* has been heard, heard and approved, and Meyerbeer has proclaimed his fullest title to immortality. Never did composer triumph over poet with greater might and significance. A more indifferent libretto has seldom been submitted to musician than that of the *Africaine*, and most people wonder what Meyerbeer could have seen in it to engage his attention. I am not one of most people, and can readily understand why the composer of *Robert le Diable* and the *Pardon de Ploërmel* should have selected the book of *Vasco de Gama* for his grand coup. It is a mistake to suppose that Meyerbeer was particular as to the dramatic propriety and constructive character of his librettos. He chose his books, not because the subjects involved human interests and the story and incidents addressed themselves to general sympathies, but because the plots were novel and strange, and the situations marked out peculiarly for musical illustration. A wilder and more unmeaning legend than *Robert the Devil* was never written nor conceived, and yet Meyerbeer gained his first great renown by the music he composed to that strange jumble of the supernatural and the improbable. The *Huguenots* is a grand book, but will scarcely bear analysis; and no doubt Meyerbeer was fascinated by the Conspiracy Scene, the conflicts of the Catholics and Protestants, and the marvellous musical situation for the duet in the fourth act. If Meyerbeer had looked merely to progress, clearness, continuity and simplicity in his plots, he would hardly have given his attention to the *Prophète*, to *L'Etoile du Nord*, *Dinorah*, or the *Africaine*. He was fascinated with the *Africaine* because he perceived at a glance the splendid opportunities it afforded for gorgeous and massive music, and because the subject was new, startling, and unhandled. We may lament that a story so full of unlikelihood should have employed the most earnest and profound consideration of the composer for so long a period, and feel surprise that he should cling to it through so many years of meditation and experience; but we must not therefore infer that the book of the *Africaine* has not had its use, and has not supplied to the musician new ideas, new modes of combination, new occasions for dramatic effect and orchestral colouring—a new world, in short, for his powerful and inexhaustible genius. The story may be abused, the incidents may be constrained and unnatural; but I doubt if a book more correct and more artistically constructed would have served Meyerbeer's purpose as well, or have served to draw out his powers with equal effect. Would the music of *Guillaume Tell* have been better had the libretto been a model of skill and interesting from beginning to end? If good librettos made good music, Verdi would be the best composer ever lived. Of course the want of interest in the story of the *Africaine* must for a long time prevent the music from becoming popular, because few will be tempted to hear the opera a second time with the music only to attract them, but in the end, I am of opinion, the *Africaine* will have as triumphant a success as the *Huguenots* or *Robert*. Certainly every possible thing has been done at the Opéra to make the success triumphant, and judging from all that has passed, both on the opening night and since, and arguing from all I hear, nothing less can fairly be chronicled. Strange to say, everything went well except that from which the greatest effect was anticipated, and the "Big Ship" of the third act may be pronounced a failure. It would be desirable indeed if the huge "three decker" could be removed altogether, as in its setting it serves to consume nearly an hour. The great consideration now is in what manner the opera may be curtailed. Some talk there is about cutting out the second act alto-

gether; and very little good music would be lost by this abridgement, as that part of the opera contains by far its least attractive music, and in reality no music of any great interest would be lost, while the action of the story would not suffer materially. This, in the opinion of many, would be preferable to curtailing certain pieces of their original dimensions, and thereby utterly sacrificing the intentions of the composer. That something must be done—and is perhaps now being done—to abbreviate the performance, everybody allows. It is impossible that an audience, however fond of music, and however eager to listen to the numberless beauties revealed in the new opera, can stay out a representation which endures more than five hours; and when one of the most striking and powerful scenes takes place in the last act, the artist who interprets it is not unlikely to take umbrage at displaying her powers in the presence of empty benches. Mdle. Marie Saxe has proved herself an artist in the best sense of the word by her performance of Sélka, but, artist as she is, I do not think she would like to sing her dying song under the upas-tree, with her auditory thinned to the paid *claque* in the *parterre* and a few enthusiastic amateurs and friends of the composer in the boxes. No doubt you will manage the abridgement more easily in London; but, unless Mr. Augustus Harris foregoes the "big ship" altogether, I cannot see how Mr. Costa will reduce the performance two hours or more by mere cutting, without serious injury to the score.

The judgment passed the first night on the music has been confirmed. The pieces which pleased most and were most applauded at the first representation, seem to have pleased most and were applauded most at the second performance, which took place on Monday. These were the Introduction and the Scene of the Council in the first act—the latter a magnificent inspiration and not less striking than the Conspiracy Scene in the *Huguenots*; a chorus of women and prayer in double choir in third act; nearly the entire of the fourth act, particularly the grand duet for Sélka and Vasco; and, in the fifth act, the duet for two women, the unison phrase for all the violins, tenors, violoncellos, clarinets, and bassoons, without accompaniment, commencing the second *tableau*, which created a prodigious sensation, and the effect of which it is almost impossible to conceive, and Sélka's death-song, one of the most beautiful and original airs even Meyerbeer ever wrote. It is perhaps to be regretted that the two most powerfully striking pieces in the score should be reserved for the last scene, since, to what extent soever the music may be shortened, the effect must be refrigerated after so long and necessarily profound an attention being bestowed on the performance. I have no doubt, when all is arranged and determined, when the opera is reduced within proper limits, when the libretto has been made familiar, and its crudities and shortcomings are left unminded, when the artists—I speak for Paris—have abandoned themselves to the spirit and exigencies of their parts and the music has become to them a real utterance, not an effort and a timidity, when the "big ship" has been taught to behave itself more handsomely, or is sunk altogether in the Dead Sea of Condemnation, that the *Africaine* will be adjudged worthy of the high expectations formed of it, worthy of the era in which it has been produced, worthy of the deathless renown of the composer.

MONTAGUE SHOOT.

Paris, May 3.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Mdle. Titens made her first appearance on Thursday evening in *Lucrezia Borgia*, and was in her grandest voice, and never acted with more powerful effect. Her reception was enthusiastic in the extreme. Mdle. Bettelheim was Orsini, Signor Carrion Gennaro, and Mr. Santley the Duke, all excellent. The house was filled in every part. To-night *Norma*—Mdle. Titens, of course, the Druid-Priestess.

BUTCHER BAKER.

ROSSINI AND MEYERBEER.

MONSIEUR.—On a souvent mis en doute, contesté même l'amitié, l'admiration réciproque des deux grands maîtres auxquels nous devons *Guillaume Tell* et *Robert le Diable*. Des amis maladroits, plus Meyerbeeristes que Meyerbeer, plus Rossinistes que Rossini, ont en effet donné quelque créance à des sentiments indignes de ces deux hommes de génie, si bien faits, au contraire, pour se comprendre, et trop haut placés l'un et l'autre pour s'abaisser aux misères de l'envie. Entre mille preuves tirées de leur vie privée, et qui abondent en ce sens, en voici une que le hasard remet sous nos yeux, et qui ne peut manquer de faire autorité, à propos cependant d'un simple *macaroni*. C'était l'hiver dernier; Rossini invitait Meyerbeer à venir goûter de "son *parmesan*," et voici en quels termes Meyerbeer répondait à cette invitation:—

MIO DIVINO MAESTRO.—Guadagnare in una tirata tre volte il terno al Lotto, pare quasi impossibile, e pure mi è successo jeri tal caso:—*Primo terno*: un autografo Rossiniano. *Secondo terno*: una soave affettuosissima lettera dell' immortale maestro. *Terzo terno*: una graziosa invitazione, colla dolce prospettiva di passare qualche ore col Giove della musica, alla sua mensa ospitaliera.

Accetto con altrettanto piacere che riconoscenza le vostre bontà, ed attendo con impazienza il prossimo sabbato, per repetervi verbalmente le espressioni del fedele e costante attaccamento, e dell' ammirazione senza limite del vostro

G. MEYERBEER.

Sabbato, 9 Genajo 1864.

Tentons de traduire cette épître tout italienne, écrite par un Prussien avec la grâce d'un Florentin; car c'était l'individualité de Meyerbeer que de transformer à son gré son esprit jusque dans les moindres choses de la vie.

— Eh mon Dieu, oui! dussent certains esprits étroits, exclusifs, ne s'en consoler jamais, Meyerbeer aimait Rossini, qui le lui rendait bien: témoin cette touchante élogie écrite avec des larmes par l'auteur de la *Petite Messe solennelle*, le jour du convoi funèbre de Meyerbeer; témoin encore cet empressément religieux de l'auteur de *Guillaume Tell*, à assister à l'avant-dernière répétition générale de l'*Africaine*.

J. L. HEUGEL.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF MUSICIANS OF GREAT BRITAIN.—The annual performance of the *Messiah*, on behalf of the above society, took place at St. James's Hall last evening. The principal singers were Miss Louisa Pyne, Miss Eliza Hughes, Madame Berger Lascelles, Madame Sainton-Dolby, Messrs. Sims Reeves, W. H. Cummings, Lewis Thomas, Wallworth, and Weiss. Conductor—Professor Sterndale Bennett.

MANCHESTER.—A Monday Popular Concert, or rather a concert of Monday Popular Concert performers, (including Joachim, Ernst, Pauer, Piatti, &c.) was given in this town with great success, on Wednesday evening.

MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD.—The Monday Popular Concert of May the 8th is for the benefit of Madame Arabella Goddard. Among other things she plays a duet with Herr Joachim. Mr. Sims Reeves is the singer.

LEIPZIG.—MR. HORTON CLARIDGE ALLISON.—We are glad to notice that this promising young artist has given proof that the honors lately conferred upon him have not been unworthily bestowed. Of his performances at the Hauptprüfung or Public Examination Concert of the students of the Conservatorium, given at the Gewandhaus on the 27th ult., the *Leipzig Telegraph* says:—"The most artistic performance of the whole was that of Mr. Horton Allison of London; he played the last two movements of Chopin's Concerto in F minor, in which he displayed that delicacy of taste, cultivated mechanism, and elegance of execution, without which a composition of Chopin's cannot be perfectly rendered." At the close of the performance Mr. Horton Allison was greeted with enthusiastic applause, and was recalled three times by the audience.

MADAME LIEBHART is engaged at the Royal Italian Opera, and makes her début this evening as Prascovia in Meyerbeer's *L'Etoile du Nord*.

DR. S. S. WESLEY, recently appointed conductor of the Gloucester Festival, has been in London for some days past, making arrangements for the next triennial meeting of the three choirs at Gloucester.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

(Times, May 1.)

The theatre reopened on Saturday night with a performance of *La Sonnambula*, which may be pronounced in every respect successful. The house was brilliantly attended, and the renovated aspect of the interior excited general approval. Since the famous yellow curtains were first hung up by Mr. Lumley, 20 years ago, it has not looked so bright and cheerful. The alterations in the boxes, besides affording increased accommodation to the occupants, have added materially to the beauty and elegance of the *coup d'œil*; the chandelier has been thoroughly cleaned and furnished with many extra jets; the footlights are now sunk so as no longer to interfere with the view of those who sit in the orchestra stalls; and the stage has been considerably enlarged.

Miss Laura Harris, the Amina from New York, is physically almost as petite as Miss Susan Galton, who, not long since made her *début* in the same character, at the performances of English opera, under Mr. Harrison's management, in the same theatre. Her appearance is that of a girl of 16, though we understand she is really about two years older. Her voice, as might be expected, is still unformed; and, indeed, it is not easy, under the circumstances, to give a faithful description of its characteristics. That it is most clear and penetrating in the upper notes, however, was speedily made apparent. The opening recitative and *cavatina*, "Com'è per me sereno," sung with a certain degree of trepidation very easy to account for, was quite enough to prove that though thin in quality and uneven in tone, the voice was naturally flexible. Mere beginner as she is, Miss Laura Harris already elaborates the text of her composer, with an eye to the more effective display of her own executive capabilities. Whatever she did, nevertheless, was favourably considered. The *cavatina* was liberally applauded, and the duet, in which Amina appeases the jealous anxiety of her lover, brought down the curtain, at the termination of the first act, amid renewed and still louder demonstrations. The scene of the bed-chamber (Act 2) was even more successful. Miss Harris by this time had entirely thrown off her reserve, and her self-possession was really surprising in one so young. The appeal to the obstinately incredulous, or obstinately credulous, Elvino, was delivered with such fervour that the whole audience was moved, and insisted upon its being repeated. When the curtain again fell, the new Amina was vociferously called forward. But it was the last act which sealed the triumph of the little American *prima donna*; and it must be admitted that her execution of the *finale*, comprising the exquisite slow movement, "Ah! non credea mirarti," with its joyous and animated pendent, "Ah, non giunge," cast all she had previously done into the shade. By this test, it is, therefore, only fair to estimate her talent. The exquisite apostrophe to the faded flowers was not sung *mezza voce*—or in plain English, in that subdued underbreath to which all the great Aminas have accustomed us; but it was not the less marked by legitimate sentiment; while the burst of rapture to which the awakened sonnambulist gives utterance, on finding herself once more mistress of her wedding-ring, and repossessed of her lover's affection, was expressed with such hearty unreserve as to rouse the enthusiasm of the audience. The long shake on the high notes settled the matter; and at the final descent of the curtain, Miss Laura Harris was twice unanimously summoned. As an actress we would rather not judge of her definitively at present. If rarely impassioned, she frequently shows unmistakable feeling, and, if somewhat restless and fidgety, she seems at any rate to have a thorough understanding of the dramatic purport of the character she is portraying. The only point we are now disposed to criticise is the superabundance of gesture in the last exhibition of sonnambulism, which makes it difficult to believe that Amina is not absolutely wide awake. But to expect the most refined manifestations of histrionic art from one of such tender years would be superfluously hypercritical.

Signor Emanuele Carrión, who played Elvino, is evidently a practised singer, but his voice has lost its primitive freshness, and with that a portion of the charm it may have at one time boasted. In the great air of the third act ("Tutto è sciolto") however—the last movement of which he sang a tone higher than has of late been the custom even of Italian tenors, though still a tone lower than Rubini—he displayed so much earnest energy, and threw himself so vigorously into the situation, that he completely won the sympathies of his hearers. Rodolpho is but a thankless part for Mr. Santley, whose appearance was hailed with a storm of plaudits. Nevertheless, his singing of the familiar "Vi ravviso" was so perfect that we should regret to find the part of the good-natured Count in any other hands, while this accomplished English barytone is a member of the establishment. A Mdlle. Redi, new to London, made a very acceptable Lisa, and Signor Bossi was a competent Alessio.

The music of Bellini's charming pastoral does not greatly tax the resources of an orchestra like that over which Signor Arditì presides with such ability. An opportunity of distinction, however, was afforded it,

by the overture to *Guillaume Tell*, performed in first-rate style as a prelude to the opera. The chorus, chiefly, we believe, from Turin and other Italian towns, was excellent throughout. At the end of the opera the National Anthem was sung, the second verse taken as a solo by Miss Laura Harris. *La Sonnambula* is to be repeated to-morrow night.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

(Times, May 1.)

Rigoletto, Verdi's best opera, like *Un Ballo in Maschera*, his next best, must always be welcome at the Royal Italian Opera while Signor Mario is singing as he has been singing from the commencement of the present season. As the Duke of Naples, or the Duke of Mantua, he is alike inimitable. In *Rigoletto* Signor Mario has been more happily matched with a "first lady" than in *Un Ballo*, where he was associated with an Amelia, upon the discovery of whom the enterprising manager, always in search of new attractions for his supporters, can scarcely be felicitated. In Mdlle. Berini, however, Mr. Gye may at least be complimented on an acquisition of considerable value. The Gilda of this lady is, we think, superior to her Margherita—a sign, perhaps, that she is more thoroughly at home in Italian opera than in French. The music of the second act of *Rigoletto*, including the delicious aria, "Caro nome," is extremely well, in some instances charmingly, sung. The duet with the imaginary student, concluding with the impassioned peroration—

"Addio!—speranza ed anima
Sol tu sarai per me!"

in which Signor Mario is more than ever admirable, and that with *Rigoletto* in the succeeding act, where the unhappy Jester vows to revenge the insult offered to his daughter, both afford opportunities for the exhibition of genuine sensibility, of which Mdlle. Berini does not fail to take advantage. The audience, too, are well disposed towards her; and there seems no reason why she should not eventually become a favourite.

Rigoletto, with any other representative of the chief part than Signor Ronconi, while Signor Ronconi is a member of the company, would hardly have been anticipated. Nevertheless, although it would be absurd to say that Signor Graziani can boast of the histrionic ability to sustain anything approaching a comparison with his predecessor, it must be admitted that his rich-toned and sympathetic barytone voice lends an additional charm to some of the most touching music that Verdi has written. As particular examples may be cited the two passages, "Deh! non parlare al misero," and "Veglia o donna, questo fiore," in the interview with Gilda at the residence of the Jester. The melodious beauty of these can never fail to strike an ear attuned to music; and delivered as they are by Signor Graziani, their loveliness is, if possible, enhanced. Signor Graziani's general conception of *Rigoletto* is no doubt intelligent; but it is one thing to understand a character correctly, another to represent it effectively. In our opinion his performance is exaggerated rather than earnest, and marked by artificial effort rather than natural impulse. Such a voice, however, with effective music to deliver, must invariably please; and, if for this reason alone, Signor Graziani's impersonation of *Rigoletto* may be pronounced a *bona fide* success. He was twice called forward after the duet with Gilda, at the end of the second act. Mdlle. H. noré, the new *contralto*, is all that can be wished as Maddalena, and Signor Tagliacoco's Sparafucile is as picturesque as of old. "La donna è mobile," sung by Signor Mario with that easy *nonchalance* which imparts to it its proper significance, and the ingenious quartet, "Un di, se ben rammentomi," in which his delivery of the graceful apostrophe to the charms of Maddalena ("Bella figlia dell'amore") is the perfection of expression, have lost none of their ancient spell. Nor is it likely that such true melody can ever become hackneyed. Seldom do we remember to have heard this quartet better given than by Mdlles. Berini and Honoré, Signors Mario and Graziani. For Mr. Costa, his chorus and orchestra, trained to all styles, the music of *Rigoletto* is mere child's play. Never has the execution been more irreproachable.

Mdlle. Adelina Patti is to make her first appearance on Thursday, with Signor Ronconi, in the always welcome *Barbiere*;* and on Saturday we are promised *L'Etoile du Nord*, the revival of which made so imposing a climax to the season, 1864. Meanwhile, the decided success of *L'Africaine* in Paris sets at rest all anxiety about the production in London of that long looked-for masterpiece.

THE FIRST CRYSTAL PALACE ITALIAN OPERA CONCERT takes place to-day in the Great Handel Orchestra.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—Mdlle. Fioretti is re-engaged, and will make her first appearance on Thursday next, as Lady Henrietta in *Martha*, Signor Brignoli making his *début* in *Lionel*. The *Barbiere* has been postponed till Saturday, when Mdlle. Adelina Patti and Signor Ronconi will appear for the first time this season.

* Mdlle. Patti's *rentrée* has been postponed until next week.—D. PETERS.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

The third concert, on Monday night, began with a very fine performance of Beethoven's *Sinfonia Pastorale*, and terminated with an equally good one of Mendelssohn's overture to *Ruy Blas*. At the end of the first part Mr. Charles Hallé played, in his most carefully finished style, Mozart's pianoforte concerto in D minor, which is really nothing less than an orchestral symphony, with the pianoforte as principal instrument. In the course of the evening Mdlle. Maria Edenska, a *contralto* from the Imperial Opera at Moscow, now no longer Imperial, seeing that the Czar has recently withdrawn his patronage, sang the *romanza* and *ballata* of Pierotto, from Donizetti's *Linda di Chamounix*; Mdlle. Sinico, from Her Majesty's Theatre, gave "Qui la voce," from Bellini's *I Puritani*; and the two combined in "Quis est homo," from Rossini's *Stabat Mater*. The symphony of Beethoven and the overture of Mendelssohn were much applauded; Mr. Hallé was, as usual, highly successful with Mozart's concerto, into which he introduced two original cadences; and the ladies had no reason to complain that their zealous endeavours to please were unacknowledged.

Here was an ample and varied programme of itself; but yet another piece materially added to its attraction. This was the new symphony in G minor, written expressly for the Philharmonic Concerts by their excellent conductor, Professor Sterndale Bennett, and produced near the end of last season. Received with enthusiasm on the first occasion, it was still more enthusiastically appreciated now. In the interval between the two Philharmonic performances the symphony in G minor had been adopted by the celebrated Gewandhaus Concerts in Leipsic, where its composer, more than 20 years ago, used to play, to conduct when Mendelssohn played, and to hear his own overtures and other works performed so often and with such applause. A composition so original, so fresh, spontaneous, and full of genuine musical beauty, could hardly fail to please an assembly of connoisseurs like the subscribers to the Gewandhaus; and their quondam English favourite, now of mature age, could not have revisited them, after a lengthened absence, with more honorable credentials—with a more convincing proof, indeed, that the Cambridge Musical Professor and "Doctor in Music" was the same Sterndale Bennett whom their illustrious Mendelssohn loved so well, and about whose music their intellectual Robert Schumann wrote in such eloquent and thoughtful terms. The Leipsic amateurs and the Leipsic press were loud and unanimous in praise of the symphony. They only echoed, however, the opinion of London judges, which was last night even more emphatically expressed than before. The work gains much by closer acquaintance. The character of the *allegro serioso*, the opening movement, is only so far not symphonic inasmuch as the customary elaborations of the second part, or "free fantasia," as the Germans sometimes call it, is replaced by a wholly independent episode. This episode, nevertheless, reappearing unexpectedly near the end, at once vindicates its own importance and makes clear the design of the composer. The movement abounds in melody, has quite a romantic tone, and is instrumented with a master hand from one end to the other. The succeeding movement, a *minuetto* with *trio* in the old established form, is as perfect in its way as it is entirely unpretending. The two sections are contrasted with great felicity, the brass instruments in the *trio* giving a wonderful brightness of colouring after the quiet repose of the *minuetto*. The *rondo finale* is fully as original, fully as spirited, and fully as interesting as either of its precursors. The leading themes are not merely striking, but effectively opposed to each other; and the movement is conducted with a vigour and animation that never flag. The *finale*, in short, has only one fault, and that fault is its somewhat disproportionate brevity. If ever Professor Bennett can be induced to develop it, and, further, to compose a slow movement for the symphony, he will bestow still higher importance upon a work which, as it stands, is a credit to himself and an honor to the English school.

The execution on Monday night was satisfactory in all respects. The members of the band played as if they loved as well as esteemed their conductor, and the result was all that could have been wished. The applause at the conclusion of every movement was such as is rarely elicited by any performance at the Philharmonic Concerts, where the habitual frequenters are by no means easily roused. Professor Bennett must have felt quite as much gratified as his audience were delighted.

LIVERPOOL.—(From our own Correspondent).—Miss Teresa Furtado now all the rage in Liverpool, where she is playing Amy Robart in *Kenilworth*, and driving all the "swells" to despair. Her youth, beauty, and her varied accomplishments as an actress, vocalist, and dancer, have caused her to be pronounced by the local press the most charming and satisfactory artist Mr. Henderson has ever introduced to the somewhat fastidious *habitués* of the Prince of Wales Theatre, where burlesques are produced and played in a style which would strike a London playgoer with envy and admiration.

Muttoniana.

Dr. Queer remaining in Paris, to witness the second, third and fourth representations of the *Africaine*, Mr. Drinkwater Hard has other work on hand, and cannot arrange this week's *Muttoniana*. He has, however, applied to Dr. Silent, as the only Muttonian, and member of the I O U Club now in London; and that gentleman has tacitly given his consent. Mr. Hard, in bidding adieu to the readers of *Muttoniana*, wishes them a happy new May.

G. J.

BENJAMIN'S COAT.

Sir,—We have come to a pretty pass indeed! what next and who next? . . . We shall have Herr L. Engil patting Mr. Ap'Mutton on the shoulder soon I suppose! For how long is Engil to terebrate us? who posed Engil? What is to be Engil's ultimate end and punishment?

In his Paris letter he tells us "Three great things kept me back, Joachim for one." He calls Rossini "Old Rossini" and "world renowned composer," just as if he were in the habit of addressing Rossini, "Well, old chap, how are you? all serene, eh? . . . well as ever and jolly, old cock? . . . ah! you're a clever old bloke" . . . He informs us that he (Engil) was amongst "the élite of all that has got a great artistic judgment," tells us that the "élite" gave "an enormous (20ft. by 14, I should'n't wonder) sigh of relief" when Joachim left off playing—that the orchestra of that "sanctuary," the conservatoire is "composed of the first professors living"—and that he could'n't stand any more music after Joachim's solo, etc., etc. . . . etc. . . . etc. . . . etc. . . . etc. . . . need I comment? . . . I dare not! I could use but horrible language containing all the most explosive, fulminatory, expurgatory, damatory adjectives ever used by S-u-g-n at the sight of a lad collection after one of his most telling sermons. One word, however, about the "decoration anecdote." Your devils are always making some blunder;—they print the latter part of Engil's P.S. thus: "I put on all my splendours and took them off immediately in the drawing-room, to show the gentlemen that an artist knows how to keep his dignity."—Now I am sure Mr. Engil wrote, or meant to write, *dignities*; common sense tells you that, and his motive for acting as he did is obvious. *Où diable avez vous pêché cet homme là? son orgamos de parler de lui est pétrifiant!* Enough on this subject, however—(Pray spell his name properly wherever I have misspelled it—I haven't a number of yours to refer to here).

Apocope.—Some one told me the following of Rossini:—Rossini had a bet about something with some fop who happened to be in the same saloon with him; the stake was a *Pâté de Foie-gras* (some of your readers may not know that these are made of geese livers? . . . none of your jokes about innate ideas, though!) Needless to say that the fop lost. A week expired and Rossini saw no *foie-gras*. Being a good liver he sometimes thought of it. Another week passed and the same devil of liver. At last Rossini meets our fop in the *foyer* of the Opera, "And my *foie-gras*?" says he; "Oh! caro maestro," answers the fop, "I've not sent it, you see, they're quite out of season." . . . "Nonsense," answers Rossini, "It's only geese that circulate that report." Not bad is it? . . . don't imagine Engil was the hero of the above! No! it was another.

So Mr. Ap'Mutton proceeds to Algiers? He and Vivier between 'em will kill Napoleon. Can't you imagine Ap'Mutton quizzing the Bedouins? . . . Bye the bye, is Vivier taken there as *cor de garde*? . . . What changes Ap'Mutton will find since he was there with Scipio! . . . on chantera:

(Air Connu.)

Le grand Napo-Je'-on,
En partant de Ly-on,
Prit Monsieur Ap'Mutton,
Pour faire des epitomes.
Larifa, fla, fla,
Larifa, fla, fla, etc., etc.

En partant pour Alger,
L'Empereur dit à Vivier,
"Viens vite ici mon cor
Ou bien le cou j'te tords."
Larifa, fla, fla, etc.

Et puis il ajouta,
"Tu n'es qu'un vieux gouja"
(Je te défends de l'dire)
Tu n'y va que pour rire."
Larifa, etc.

Il parla bien de Shoe,
Comme on parle d'un vieux fo
Et dit "Cet homme me boite
Surtout sur mon entre-côte."
Larifa, etc.

Quand a toi, mon cher Queer,
(Ma foi voici le pire)
Il ne souffla pas mot
Ayant assez de maux,
Larifa, etc.

Shall I go on? . . . (No.—D. Peters.)

I intended making some unpleasant remarks this week on Mr. Manns for allowing his band to be played with, that is, made to rattle away at vile nigger and music hall tunes the while acrobats and tumblers were dislocating themselves. I can't approve of it yet, but I have not the heart to say word against Mr. Manns after Saturday's performance of "The Choral." He has stolen a march on me and shut me up. So much the worse for Mr. Grove or Mr. Bowley; I don't care which (Bowley, I suppose, is head man). Well, Mr. Bowley, I am wrath and sorry to boot when I see artists of the first water vamping away whilst a parcel of empty headed puppets toe and heel it for the amusement (?) of a few of your visitors. Have you music in your soul to allow this? Do you wish to crush the noble aspiration of artists beneath your heel? . . . aspiration?! yes! aspiration. They all aspired last Saturday to something great, and they attained it; for a time they forgot they were your paid servants; they played with their souls, their minds and hearts, and enchanted all present. You were yourself elated and 'proud when you announced a repetition of "The Choral" next Saturday. Now let me ask you, would you use a race horse to cart away paving stones or rubbish? I suppose you answer you would if the stones had to be carted and you had no other? . . . Get another band, Mr. Bowley, believe me. Do as they do at Cremorne, (a—h—hem!); have "a Crystal Palace brass band," a good one, mind; you have no idea to what uses you could put it! . . . You have adopted the ideas of Ap'Poodle at the Crystal Palace before now, although you are not aware of it. I will just mention a few of the effects that might be produced with such a band. It's a dreary walk up that long gallery to the Palace. Enliven it with a little music. The fatigue would not be felt half so much if a good march was to take the mind off the tramp. On gala days let your brass band await the arrival of trains, and pour forth as they come in—a trifle, I know, but you've no idea how jolly it makes people! . . . As they land, the fête begins, all is merry, lively and bustling. Then you could place them in the shrubberies, unseen, and let them discourse to the winds, improvising echoes—a very pretty effect, obtained by sending a cornet-à-piston to another part of the garden, who answers some snatches played by the band. By the bye, Dr. Queer, do you know the last tale of "The Echo?" A gentleman bought a little place about forty miles from London, which, besides numerous other advantages, possessed that of a magnificent echo. Now it isn't everybody that can have an echo on his estate. The gentleman, knowing this, was very proud of his echo, and questioned it so often that the whole neighbourhood soon got to know of it, and, after trying it themselves, invited all their visitors to do likewise. The best situation to question the echo was just in front of the gentleman's door. The proprietor at first, flattered at the numerous visits paid to his echo, grew rather tired of hearing "Hoy!" shouted night after night, often after he had gone to bed. One night some fellow, more persistent than the generality of visitors, kept on shouting "Hoy!" until close upon three o'clock in the morning. The proprietor began to cuss his echo. "Hoy!" shouted the other fellow; out of bed jumps the gentleman, seizes his jug of water (I think) and flop! sends the contents unto the head of Hoy. Hoy, somewhat disconcerted at first, turns to the window and, addressing the proprietor, says to him "Rum echo that of yours! I said 'Hoy!' to it, and it answers me with a jug of water—(I suppose!)"

Don't stand on ceremony with me, you know, Dr. Queer; if I'm too long, cut me. As I make a point of cutting you in public, you may surely cut my MSS. in private; but if you do! . . . "may St. Anthony's fire burn you, Mahoon's disease whirl you, the squinance with a stitch in your side and the wolf in your stomach turn you, the cursed sharp inflammations of wild fire, as slender and thin as cow's hair strengthened with quicksilver, enter into you, and may you fall into sulphur, fire, and bottomless pits."—Yours very affectionately,

To C. P. QUEER, Esq., Dr. (not Cr.)
Latifaz, 25th April, 1865.
 AP'POODLE.

COMUS AT DRURY LANE.

ILLUSTRIOUS AP'MUTTON.—Of course as you hear and see everything you have seen and heard Milton's *Comus*, as revived at Drury Lane Theatre, by those enterprising managers, Messrs. Falconer and Chatterton. But, great Ap'M., you have not written one line concerning the masque. Are you reserving yourself for an overpoweringly eloquent and elaborately critical notice, article, review, or essay of, or upon, *L'Africaine*?—or is that golden pen with its diamond nibs resting awhile waiting expectantly the advent of "*the Patti*?" Pardon my presumption in asking these questions, for they are only suggested by your having passed over in silence a dramatic and musical event worthy of comment at the brain of Ap' Mutton. Oh, great master, think of, and then write upon the scenery by Beverley—the moonlit wood filled with a noisy revelling company; that vast hall where lamps are lit "that outshine canopies," and where the crew of *Comus* drink "the Lydian sun to sleep," and that translucent home of Sabrina, with its cool grot and shining pearly

shells! Think of the groupings so marvellous in colour; the dancers so frantic and Bacchanalian. Reflect upon Walter Lacy's *Comus*, the very incarnation of the son of Circe; remember how he revels in the part. Call to remembrance Mrs. Herman Vezin's elocution as "*the Lady*." Recollect the dramatic fire of Henry Drayton; the voice of Wilbye Cooper, and his nervous anxiety to forget the existence of his tight-clad legs. Forget not Miss Poole as "*the Spirit*"—for singeth she not and acteth she not as if she defied the power of Old Father Time? Finally, recall to thy recollection Miss Augusta Thomson, as *Sabrina*. Let thy memory dwell upon her splendid execution of the "*Echo Song*," and "*Thrice upon thy finger tip*." Think of her golden locks and shining raiment, her face that has been called "*eminently pleasing*" by a scribe in one morning paper, and "*very prepossessing*" by a writer in another; and then, O great Ap' Mutton, dip thy golden pen in the ambrosial violet ink in which it is its wont to bathe, and chant the praises of *Comus* at Drury Lane! Write upon that theme, great master. Thy suggestively humble, follower,

PAUL MOIST.

BULWER LYTTON AND ATHENÆUM.

SIR.—I send you an extract from Sir E. B. Lytton's preface to *Harold*. Will you have the kindness to tell me to which particular writer in the *Athenæum* he refers, when he says:—"It is stated in the *Athenæum*, and, I believe, by a writer whose authority on the merits of opera-singers I am far from contesting, but of whose competence to instruct the world in any other department of human industry or knowledge I am less persuaded, that, &c., &c." and again says Sir E. B. L.:—"The writer in the *Athenæum* is acquainted with Homeric personages, but who on earth would ever presume to assert that he was acquainted with Homer?" I am Sir, your obedient servant,

Oswin Ap'Mutton, Esq.

H. GIPPS.

TO LEICESTER BUCKINGHAM, ESQ.

DEAR BUCKINGHAM,—By the way, Mr. Mapleson commenced his season here on Saturday evening. Frequenters of the house will learn with satisfaction that the alterations which have been made have not in any respect changed the familiar aspect of the interior. The shape is still as of old. The decorations, though freshened and brightened, have not been otherwise touched, and the amber curtains recall the recollection of the many brilliant artistic triumphs with which they have been associated in past times. And by the way, changes have been effected which tend materially to increase the comfort of the audience. The space formerly occupied by three boxes is now divided between two, so that each individual of the number to be accommodated can breathe freely, and command a fair view of the stage. The fronts of all the boxes have been cut down, putting the occupants much more at their ease, bringing the toilettes of the ladies into fuller view, and thus largely enhancing the effect of the general *coup d'œil*. Of the improvements stated to have been introduced on the stage I cannot yet speak from personal knowledge; the opera given on the opening night affording no room whatever for their display, but in all that has been done in front of the curtain good taste and practical skill have been exercised with most satisfactory effect.

By the way, on Tuesday, I read in the *Standard* of Tuesday as follows:—

"Mr. Mann's is no doubt at this present moment doubly elated by the flattering testimonial presented to him, and the high eulogium publicly passed on him in the name of the Directors of the Crystal Palace."

And by the way, on Thursday I read in the *Standard* as follows:—

"THE TESTIMONIAL TO MR. MANNS.—Our report of the above was inaccurate in saying the testimonial was presented to Mr. Manns by the directors of the Crystal Palace. It was entirely got up by the season ticket and reserved-seat holders, and Mr. Scott Russell was invited by the committee to present it."

By the way, our report of the *aside* would have been stricter, logically, seeing as how the paragraph is a side-headed paragraph (as if there was ever an animal with his head on his side). And by the way, if you will read, my dear Buckingham, both my quotations, you will find the *Standard* has corrected itself while standing in no need of correction. I am, by the way, always sincerely yours,

101, All Street, May 4.

STEPHEN ROUND.

DEAR QUEER,—I read in the correspondence of the *Morning Star* as follows:—

"A letter from Rome has taken the musical world by surprise. Liszt, the unrivalled pianist, entranced a large party at the Princess Barberini's a few evenings ago by the power and well-known beauty of his execution. The next morning he entered a seminary, and was tonsured by the Archbishop Hohenlohe." I suppose the disciples of the *Zukinfi* and the aspiring musical youth of Vienna will now all go hair-

less—each individual *calvus* instead of *capillus*. I am, dear Queer (how's Shoe?) yours,
Lamb Villa, Yate, Norfolk, May 4.

A LETTER FROM DR. QUEER.

DEAR SILENT,—The *Africaine* is a magnificent *chef d'œuvre*, and has obtained a magnificent reception. Among other well-known London critics, I met, yesterday, on the Boulevards, C. L. Gruneisen, Campbell Clarke (arm in arm with) Sutherland Edwards and Harry Chorley. Everybody was inquiring after Howard Glover, George Hogarth, Charley Lamb Kenney, Desmond Ryan, David H. Hastings, Joseph Langford, ditto Nightingale, and Dishley Peters. I have seen the *Africaine* twice, and heard Rossini's Mass. I intend to see the *Africaine* a third time, and call upon both Auber and Rossini. Berlioz flourishes. He is delighted to have left the press, and grows fat upon it. What a genial fellow! And where was John Ella, who used to breakfast with Meyerbeer in 1836, while the *Huguenots* was going on? In haste, dear Silent, yours always,

C. P. Tacitus Queer.

A NEW RIGOLETTO, &c.

SIR,—*Rigoletto*, one of the best, if not the best of Verdi's operas, was produced on Thursday evening and afforded Signor Graziani an opportunity of testing his powers as the unhappy Jester, whose wrongs have so miserable a termination. There are few characters in the lyric drama that require such altogether exceptional powers as that of *Rigoletto*, in which the tragic and the comic elements are so frequently brought into the closest juxtaposition, and where the sudden transitions from assumed merriment to deep grief and burning indignation demand at the same time a comedian of finished excellence and a tragedian of the highest class. Those who have seen Ronconi in the part are not likely to forget an impersonation that may fairly be classed with the grandest achievements of any actor that ever trod the stage, for anything more complete than his humor, more touching than his agony, or more terrible than his outbursts of rage, it would be difficult to conceive and impossible to represent. That Signor Graziani has a fine voice and vocalises admirably it would be unjust to deny, but on the other hand it would be equally untrue to assert that he for one moment (notwithstanding applause more frequent than discriminating) succeeded in making his audience forget the great artist who has so completely made the part his own, and as Signor Ronconi is in England it is to be hoped that the next time *Rigoletto* is played its only worthy representative may be permitted to resume the character in which he has set the stamp of his individuality and genius. No less identified with the opera is the Duke of Signor Mario, who, this season, is entrancing the public by the absolutely perfect manner in which he is singing (despite the occasional lack of physical power apparent in certain notes), forcing the conviction upon all hearers that he is after all first of living tenors whether as singer or actor. The *Gilda* of Mdle. Berini will go far towards advancing that lady in general estimation, while the *Magdalena* of Mdle. Honoré was in all respects satisfactory, and the *Sparafucile* of Signor Tagliafico as picturesque and consummate a portrait of the (let us hope) extinct race of bravos as could by any possibility be imagined.

I am, Sir, yours obediently, PONTIFEX FOURACRES.
C. P. T. Queer, Esq.

BELFAST versus HANDEL.

SIR,—“On Tuesday evening,” writes *The Ulster Observer* “the members of the Classical Harmonists' Society took a leading part in the concert, for the programme was confined to the *Messiah*, and the burden of the choruses fell on the amateurs. * * * There was a serious mistake committed in the selection of an oratorio, and that by a composer whose works have been repeatedly served up to the same audience. All oratorios bear too close a resemblance to each other to admit of continuous production, and the oratorios of Handel are so similar in form, in spirit, and even in artistic structure, that it is difficult for the unpractised ear to discern their distinctive beauties, or guard against the unfavourable impression of monotony. Indeed, too much importance is attributed in this country to the compositions of Handel. The error has been imported from beyond the channel.* The English people have a traditional devotion to the works of this composer, but their devotion is simply traditional.—Our neighbours are proverbially unmusical. They are indebted to Ireland for the best of the composers whom they claim as their own; but, however generous we may be in surrendering to them our Balfes and our Wallaces, we must certainly protest against receiving in return their criticism as our guide. We do not wish to unduly depreciate Handel or his works. The man was, undoubtedly, possessed of genius; but the fact that he wrote his most celebrated works more than a hundred years ago, when the state of instrumental

* The *Messiah* was first produced in Dublin.—D. PETERS

music necessarily limited him in extent, compass, and mechanical arrangement—matters of paramount importance in the composition of oratorios—necessarily places him at a disadvantage with the authors who have had the benefit of those modern inventions and improvements, which have done so much to facilitate instrumental execution. Moreover, the works of Handel are really overrated. England is the only country in which they are highly prized. Not only in France and Italy, but in Germany,* they are, if not unknown, wholly unattended to, and this while the productions of some of his contemporaries are held in honourable repute. It may be worth while to advert to this peculiar fact, and we do so because the Classical Harmonists' Society seem to give a questionable preference to this composer over all others—a preference which may endanger their progress, and do much to mar their popularity.

HANDEL WAS EDUCATED IN A BAD SCHOOL, the old German school, which is long since exploded, and which had a fitting representative in his master, who adored fugue, canon, and counterpoint. HE TRIED OPERAS, AND FAILED. His *Atmira*, *Queen of Castil*; his *Nero*, or *Loee* obtained by *Blood and Murder*; his *Daphne*; and several other attempts are now completely forgotten, and never were even partially successful. Hardly one of the numerous productions which he composed while on the Continent have (has?) outlived him. He went to Rome about 1708, and under the patronage of Cardinals Pamphilli and Ottoboni commenced that species of composition which afterwards led him to write his oratorios; and it is a strange but suggestive fact that the most beautiful portions of the oratorios—those, in fact, on which his fame rests—are but adaptations of pieces which he wrote while in Rome for the services of the Catholic Church, and which had their model in the strains of Palestrina. Thus, for example, *Israel in Egypt* is but a transformation of the ‘Magnificat’ with double chorus, which he composed in Rome.† When he arrived in England, the oratorio, long known in Italy, was beginning to take root in the former country. The people, deprived of the solemn music of the past, sighed for a substitute, and the oratorio conveniently afforded it. Handel became at once a favorite, and he has never been dislodged from his position; but the age in which he lived—the school to which he belonged—and the style in which he wrote, render his works of secondary value, and place his fame far beneath that of many of his contemporaries.‡ He is admittedly inferior to Bach and Gluck. He lacks spirituality, and, though not devoid of solemnity, HE IS SADLY DEFICIENT IN THAT RELIGIOUS ELEVATION NECESSARY TO THE SUBLIMITY OF HIS THEME.§ Some of his choruses are undoubtedly magnificent, but there is a leaden dullness, a painful jerkiness in the airs and recitatives which literally tax the patience of the listener, and weary the most attentive ear.

Handel sometimes excites our admiration, he never thoroughly awakens our sympathies. His contemporary critics used to say he tore their ears in pieces, and for effect produced combinations of noise and violence; and King George is said to have been once witty, by remarking to Lord Pembroke when a clap of thunder broke over the Palace, ‘That is Handel.’ In this observation there are implied a censure and a compliment, which mark at once the composer's defects and merits. We have dwelt too long on this point,|| but such of our readers as saw how desperate was the effort of Mr. Sims Reeves, Miss Wynne, and Mr. Thomas to make their parts even ordinarily interesting will readily appreciate the justice of our remarks, and coincide in our advice to a society from which so much may be fairly expected, to avoid wedding themselves to a composer whom they cannot make attractive, and whose works do not afford them a fair opportunity for the display of their powers. Mr. Sims Reeves evidently had not a rôle that suited him, and it was only towards the close that, by discarding the music of the parts he sang, and giving vent to one of those thrilling flourishes which he knows so well when and how to execute, that he rose above mediocrity, and sustained his character. In the air, “Thou shalt break them,” &c., the music almost as well as the execution was his own, and he was heartily encored, and rapturously applauded.¶

“To Dr. Chipp all praise is due. The organ in his hands was like a rampart of glorious sound, which kept all within it in order—gave it (what?) coherency and covered any defect.” Thus, Sir, writes the *Ulster Observer* about the mighty Handel. Pray observe and oblige, your respectfully,

CAPER O'CONNOR.

To Dr. Cornelius Phillips Tacitus Queer.

Fish and Volume, May 5.

Abraham Silent

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Rossini's *Scmiramide* will be produced shortly with Mdle. Titiens as the Assyrian Queen, Mdle. Grossi as Arsace and Signor Folli, his first appearance, as Assur. Miss Laura Harris's next performance will be Maria in the *Figlia del Reggimento*.

* Oh dear! How about Chrysander's edition?—D. P.

† Oh Jupiter!—D. P. ‡ Oh Gemini!—D. P. § Oh Gammon!—D. P.

|| True, Oh Midas!—D. P. ¶ Naughty Sims Reeves!—D. P.

OPENING OF THE NEW EXCHANGE AT BLACKBURN.—A stranger passing along our streets at night, in front of the Town Hall, would suppose that the ecclesiastical structure, with stained glass windows, was a church or chapel, and would need to be informed, before placing credit in other than the idea we have given, that the building was an Exchange, sacred to cotton and cotton pieces. The foundation stone was laid by Mr. Alderman Sturdy, then mayor, on the 10th of March, 1863. When the building approached completion, the question arose, in what manner shall the opening be celebrated? The "formal" opening is to take place next Wednesday, with as little formality as possible, but the "grand" opening was on Wednesday night, with a concert under the direction of Mr. David Johnson, who, for the energy and ability he displayed in bringing the best concert ever held in Blackburn to a successful conclusion, deserves special thanks. About eight o'clock the interior of the building presented a very animated appearance, while outside the crowd was great, waiting to hear the opening strains of the concert. When it was known that the proceeds were to be given to the Infirmary, all knew that in patronising the concert they were rendering aid to an institution of which we are all proud. The platform of the Exchange was fitted up as an orchestra, and at the end of the building from the platform, and near what will be the grand entrance to the Exchange, was the picture, "Laying the Foundation Stone," noticed some time since. The picture has since been framed and presented an attraction in the room. Every seat in the building was occupied, and many had to stand. Looking down the vast room, one could not help feeling thankful that a place has at last been built in which meetings and concerts may be held without damage to the constitutions of those who speak and sing, as has been the case with the Town Hall, in consequence of the deficiency in its acoustical properties. The principal artistes were Madame Parepa, Miss Palmer, Mr. J. G. Patey (vocalists), Madame Arabella Goddard (pianoforte), Herr Joachim (violin), instrumentalists. Mr. C. A. Seymour was leader, and Mr. David Johnson conductor. In Mendelssohn's violin concerto Herr Joachim won for himself tremendous applause, the violinists in the orchestra taking the initiative in the cheers. Madame Arabella Goddard was rapturously encored in the pianoforte solo "The last rose of summer," and played "Home, sweet home," for which she was no less enthusiastically cheered. Miss Palmer was encored in "The storm," and sang the last three verses again, and Madame Parepa was encored in "I dreamt I dwelt in marble halls," but merely bowed. The performance of Madame Arabella Goddard and Herr Joachim in Beethoven's Kreutzer Sonata was played to absolute perfection and applauded to the echo. Mr. Patey, in "The bell-ringer," gave great satisfaction. The thanks of the public are due to all who took part to make the concert a success, and we feel assured that the evening, whether as to arrangements, performance, or attendance, will be looked back to with pleasure.—(*Blackburn Times*.)

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